LIGHTS TO LITERATURE

BY GRADES

BOOK SIX

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BOOK SIX.

REVISED BY
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Principal of the Carter School, Chicago.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

The aim throughout the Lights to Literature, by grades, is to furnish standard literature suited to the pupils in the various grades.

For a large majority of pupils, the sixth year of school marks a transition in interest from the myth, fairy story, and tale of chivalry, to the subjects of adventure, history, science, and general literature. The material of Book Six forms a natural and easy sequence to Volume Five, and meets this advanced interest of the pupils. It furnishes from the pens of the best American and English writers, accounts of national heroes and events, descriptions of nature and of inventions, and a large number of selections from classic writers in verse and fiction. These selections, from the several departments of general literature, will give the reader a personal knowledge of the sources of good reading. Whenever selections have been made from larger works, the title of the latter has been given at the close of the selection. This will serve as a guide to the pupil in his home reading.

The selections are all in the language of the authors and will introduce the reader to the styles and qualities of individual writers. This acquaintance will form a basis for intelligent discrimination in the matter of reading, and at the same time develop the pupil's own power in the use of language.

The reading of these selections alone will go a long way in forming a taste for good literature, and their value can be greatly enhanced by outside reading along the lines indicated.

Carefully prepared portraits and biographical sketches of each author are given. These will add to the pupil's interest in the selections, and give him valuable aid in his further investigations.

The selections from Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Warner, Harte, Hayes, and Thoreau, are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Our acknowledgments are due to D. Appleton & Co. for the poems from Bryant; to The Bowen-Merrill Company for the poem from Riley; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for the selection from Irving; to the American Publishing Company for extracts from the writing of S. L. Clemens, and to Little, Brown & Co. and Harper Brothers, for the use of other copyright matter.

The publishers are also under obligations to James Whitcomb Riley, C. D. Warner, Jerome K. Jerome, Samuel L. Clemens, Bret Harte, and Theodore Roosevelt, for permission to use selections from their works.

The obligations of the firm are due to Cora Caverno, principal of the Jones School; Mira L. Giles, teacher in the Carter School; J. E. Adams, principal of the W. C. Goudy School, all of Chicago, for valuable suggestions and assistance in the revision of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Readers.

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SIXTH READER.

GENERAL GRANT ON HIS BOYHOOD.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT, one of the greatest generals of his time, and twice President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died near Saratoga, N. Y., in 1885. He was graduated at West Point in 1843, and served with distinction in the Mexican War. In 1854 Grant retired from the army and engaged in business, first in St. Louis and afterward in Galena, Ill. The War of the Rebellion summoned him again to the field, where his military genius and skill, and the uniform success he achieved, raised him by rapid steps to the supreme command. The pupil is referred to Grant's "Personal Memoirs" (from which the following extract is taken) for a graphic autobiography of this great American, together with interesting details of his life and character.

The schools, at the time of which I write, were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty,

studying the highest branches taught—the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, until after I was appointed to West Point.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days, every one labored, more or less, in the region where my youth was spent.

While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used.

We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload.

When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I

did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, while still attending school.

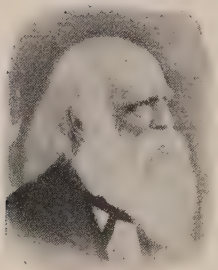
I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them.

I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by the rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence. I can see John D. White — school-teacher — now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one, either. Switches were brought in bundles, from a beech wood near the schoolhouse, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school, or in later years when reflecting upon my experience. Mr. White was a kind-hearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom of the period, and that under which he had received his own education.

— *From "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."*

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an eminent poet, was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1794, and died in New York in 1878. The precocity of his genius for poetry is the marvel of American literary annals. He published translations from some of the Latin poets at ten years of age, wrote a terse and vigorous political poem entitled "The Embargo," at thirteen, and composed his "Thanatopsis," a poem of singular beauty and power, at eighteen. The first edition of his collected poems appeared in America in 1832, and was republished in England, where these poems were held to be the highest efforts of the American muse. His metrical translations of the famous Greek poems, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," are creditable alike to his poetical genius and his learning.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk:
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I would know what God and man is.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

MARCH.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

ON THE FIORD.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, of Huguenot parentage, was born at Norwich, England, June 12, 1802, and died June 27, 1876. At the age of nineteen she began to write for periodicals, and her literary career continued to her death. For many years she was totally deaf. She became intensely interested in political economy, and her work in that field attracted marked attention. Her best book for young people is "Peasant and Prince," which gives an excellent picture of conditions in France at the time of the French Revolution.

Everyone who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two,—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them.

On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind, so that

their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain-sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound, in their seasons, on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface: but before the day is half over, out come the stars,— the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

* * * * * * *

Who was ever happier than Rolf, when abroad in his skiff, on one of the most glorious days of the year? He found his angling tolerably successful

near home; but the farther he went, the more the herrings abounded; and he therefore dropped down the fiord with the tide, fishing as he receded, till all home objects had disappeared. First, the farm-house, with its surrounding buildings, its green paddock, and shining white beach, was hidden behind the projecting rocks. Then Thor Islet appeared to join with the nearest shore, from which its bushes of stunted birch seemed to spring. Then, as the skiff dropped lower and lower down, the interior mountains appeared to rise above the rocks which closed in the head of the fiord, and the snowy peak of Sulitelma stood up clear amidst the pale blue sky; the glaciers on its sides catching the sunlight on different points, and glittering so that the eye could scarcely endure to rest upon the mountain. Lower down, it was scarcely less beautiful. The waters spread out again to a double width. There were a few habitations scattered along the margin of the fiord; and two or three boats might be seen far off, with diminutive figures of men drawing their nets.

"I am glad I brought my net, too," thought Rolf. "My rod had done good duty; but if I am coming upon a shoal, I will cast my net, and be home, laden with fish, before they think of looking for me."

Happy would it have been if Rolf had cast his net where others were content to fish, and had given up all idea of going farther than was necessary: but his boat was still dropping down towards the islet which he had fixed in his own mind as the limit of his trip; and the long solitary reach of the fiord which now lay between him and it was

tempting both to the eye and the mind. It is difficult to turn back from the first summer-day trip, in countries where summer is less beautiful than in Nordland; and on went Rolf, beyond the bounds of prudence, as many have done before him. He soon found himself in a still and somewhat dreary region, where there was no motion but of the sea-birds, which were leading their broods down the shores of the fiords; and of the air which appeared to quiver before the eye, from the evaporation caused by the heat of the sun. More slowly went the canoe here, as if to suit the quietness of the scene, and leisurely and softly did Rolf cast his net: and then steadily did he draw it in, so rich in fish that when they lay in the bottom of the boat, they at once sank it deeper in the water, and checked its speed by their weight.

Rolf then rested awhile, and looked ahead for Vogel Islet, thinking that he could not now be very far from it. There it lay looming in the heated atmosphere, spreading as if in the air, just above the surface of the water, to which it appeared joined in the middle by a dark stem, as if it grew like a huge sea-flower. There is no end to the strange appearances presented in northern climates by an atmosphere so different from our own. Rolf gazed and gazed as the island grew more like itself on his approach; and he was so occupied with it as not to look about him as he ought to have done at such a distance from home. He was roused at length by a shout, and looked towards the point from which it came; and there, in a little harbor of the fiord, a recess which now actually lay behind him—

between him and home — lay a vessel; and that vessel, he knew by a second glance, was the pirate schooner.

Of the schooner itself he had no fear, for there was so little wind that it could not have come out in time to annoy him; but there was the schooner's boat, with five men in it — four rowing and one steering — already in full pursuit of him. How fast they seemed to be coming! How the spray from their oars glittered in the sun, and how their wake lengthened with every stroke! No spectator from the shore (if there had been any) could have doubted that the boat was in pursuit of the skiff, and would snap it up presently. Rolf saw that he had five determined foes gaining upon him every instant; and yet he was not alarmed. He had had his reasons for thinking himself safe near Vogel Islet; and calculating for a moment the time of the tide, he was quite at his ease. As he took his oars, he smiled at the hot haste of his pursuers, and at the thought of the amazement they would feel when he slipped through their fingers; and then he began to row.

Rolf did not overheat himself with too much exertion. He permitted his foes to gain a little upon him, though he might have preserved the distance for as long as his strength could have held out against that of the four in the other boat. They ceased their shouting when they saw how quietly he took his danger. They really believed that he was not aware of being their object, and hoped to seize him suddenly, before he had time to resist.

When very near the islet, however, Rolf became more active, and his skiff disappeared behind its

southern point, while the enemy's boat was still two furlongs off. The steersman looked for the reappearance of the canoe beyond the islet; but he looked in vain. He thought, and his companions agreed with him, that it was foolish of Rolf to land upon the islet, where they could lay hands on him in a moment; but they could only suppose he had done this, and prepared to do the same. They rowed quite round the islet; but, to their amazement, they could not only perceive no place to land at, but there was no trace of the canoe. It seemed to them as if those calm and clear waters had swallowed up the skiff and Rolf in a few minutes after they had lost sight of him. The rowers wondered, questioned, uttered shouts, spoke all together, and finished by rowing two or three times round the islet slowly, and looking up its bare rocky sides, which rose like walls from the water; but nothing could they see or hear. When tired of their fruitless search, they returned to the schooner, ready to report to the master that the fiord was enchanted.

Meantime, Rolf had heard every plash of their oars, and every tone of their voices, as they rowed round his place of refuge. He was not on the islet, but in it. This was such an island as Swein, the sea-king of former days, took refuge in; and Rolf was only following his example. Long before, he had discovered a curious cleft in the rock, very narrow, and all but invisible at high water, even if a bush of dwarf-ash and birch had not hung down over it. At high water, nothing larger than a bird could go in and out beneath the low arch; but there was a cavern within, whose sandy floor sloped

up to some distance above high-water mark. In this cavern was Rolf. He had thrust his little skiff between the walls of rock. The bushes drooped behind him, hanging naturally over the entrance as before. Rolf pulled up his broken vessel upon the little sandy beach, within the cave, saved a pile of his fish, and returned a good many to the water, and then sat down upon the seaweeds to listen.

There was no light but a little which found its way through the bushy screen and up from the green water; and the sounds — the tones of the pirates' voices, and the splash of the waters against the rocky walls of his singular prison — came deadened and changed to his ear; yet he heard enough to be aware how long his enemies remained, and when they were really gone. He amused himself now with imagining their disappointment, and the reports which would arise from it; and he found this so very entertaining that he laughed aloud; and then the echo of his laughter sounded so very merry that it set him laughing again. This, in its turn, seemed to rouse the eider-ducks that thronged the island; and their clatter and commotion was so great overhead that any spectator might have been excused for believing that Vogel Islet was indeed bewitched.

—*From "Feats on the Fiord."*

DON FULANO.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

THEODORE WINTHROP, a novelist of some note, was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1828. His novels, "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft," and his two volumes on outdoor life, gave rich promise of greater achievements in the world of literature — a promise rendered all the more interesting by the gifted young author's noble character and patriotic death. He was killed at Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861, being then major of the New York Seventh Infantry.

It happened that, on a journey, some twenty miles from my mine, I had come upon a band of horses feeding on the prairie. They cantered off as I went riding down the yellow slope, and then, halting just out of lasso reach, stopped to reconnoitre me. Animals are always eager to observe man. The mass of the herd inspected me stupidly enough. One horse, however, among them, had more courage, or more curiosity, or more faith. He withdrew from the gregarious commonality,—the haughty aristocrat!—and approached me, circling about, as if he knew himself a higher being than his mustang comrades,—nearer to man, and willing to offer him his friendship. He and I divided the attention of the herd. He seemed to be, not their leader, but rather one who disdained leadership. He was too far above the noblest of the herd to care for their unexciting society.

I slipped quietly down from my little Mexican caballo,* and, tethering him to a bush with the lariat,

* Horse.

stood watching the splendid motions of this free steed of the prairie.

He was an American horse,—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old States,—a superb young stallion, perfectly black, without mark. It was magnificent to see him, as he circled about me, fire in his eye, pride in his nostril, tail flying like a banner, power and grace from tip to tip. No one would ever mount him, or ride him, unless it was his royal pleasure. He was conscious of his representative position, and showed his paces handsomely.

Imagine the scene. A little hollow in the prairie, forming a perfect amphitheater; the yellow grass and wild oats grazed short; a herd of horses staring from the slope, myself standing in the middle, like the ring-master in a circus, and this wonderful horse performing at his own free will.

He trotted powerfully, he galloped gracefully, he thundered at full speed, he lifted his fore legs to welcome, he flung out his hind legs to repel, he leaped as if he were springing over bayonets, he pranced and curvetted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl; finally, when he had amused himself and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

A horse knows a friend by instinct. The black, instinctively knowing me for a friend, came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome,—a neigh and no more. Then, he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round

his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. We were growing fast friends, when I heard a sound of coming hoofs. The black tore away with a snort, and galloped off with the herd after him. A Mexican vaquero* dashed down the slope in pursuit. I hailed him.

"Whose is that horse—the black one?"

"That devil!—he's Gerrian's." And he sped on.

* * * * * * *

It chanced that, when I was making my arrangements to start for home, business took me within a mile of Gerrian's ranch. I remembered my interview with the black. It occurred to me that I would ride down and ask the ranchero to sell me his horse for my journey.

I found Gerrian, a lank, wire-drawn man, burnt almost Mexican color, lounging in the shade of his adobe house. I told him my business in a word.

"No, stranger!" said he.

"Why not? Do you want to keep the horse?"

"No, not partickler. He's a black devil, into a horse's hide. Somebody's tried to break him down when he was a colt, an' now he won't stan' nobody near him."

"Sell him to me, and I'll try him with kindness."

"Looker here, stranger! you want a horse. Take time now, I'm goan to make yer a fair banter."

"Well, make it."

"I stump you to a clean swap. My hoss agin your mine."

"Done," said I, "have the black caught, and we'll clinch the bargain at once."

* Herdsman.

The relation of friendship once established between man and horse, there is no trouble. Horses will do all they know for men, if man will only let them. The finer the horse, the more delicate the magnetism between him and man. I fancied that Gerrian's black, after our mutual friendly recognition on the prairie, would like me better as our intimacy grew.

Gerrian and I mounted our mustangs and rode toward the corral. As we rode on, our ponies half hidden in the dry, rustling grass of a hollow, a tramp of hoofs came to us with the wind,—a thrilling sound! with something free and vigorous in it that the charge of trained squadrons never has.

There they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of the prairie; then they burst over, like the foam and spray of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent. My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian.

The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the corral.

Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black, my purchase, my old friend.

It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the very chiefest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How

untamably he stepped! The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hindmost, with large and liberal action. And even at this half speed easily overtaking his slower comrades, he from time to time paused, bounded in the air, tossed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with suppressed power.

There was not a white spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant nostril had caught upon his flank. A thoroughbred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race.

Hard after the riderless horses came José, the vaquero, on a fast mustang. As he rode, he whirled his lasso with easy turn of the wrist.

The black, trotting still, and halting still to curvet and caracole, turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies and break their spirit by brutality; but an American horse is no more to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! make your cast! Don't trifle with your lasso! I challenge you. Senor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish."

So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance and his whinny of disdain.

José took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer.

They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the vaquero, checking

his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breezeless.

Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor!

The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping the circle perfect, waiting for the vaquero's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

Hurrah!

Through it went the black!

With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched only to spurn its vain assault with his hindmost hoof.

"Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah 'tis!" shouted Gerrian.

José dragged in his spurned lasso.

The black, with elated head, and tail waving like a banner, sprang forward, closed in with the caballada;* they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite over the swell of the prairie.

Meantime, loping on, we had come in sight of the corral. There, to our great surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. They were putting their heads together as the manner of social horses is, very probably discussing the black's act of horsemanship.

"Don't send in Jose!" said I to Gerrian. "Only let him keep off the horses, so that I shall not be kicked, and I will try my hand at the black alone."

* Herd of horses.

José drove the herd out of the staked enclosure. The black showed no special disposition to follow. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars.

I entered alone. Presently he began to repeat the scene of our first meeting on the prairie. It was not many minutes before we were good friends. He would bear my caresses and my arm about his neck, and that was all for an hour. At last, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then by gentle seductions I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

Gerrian and the Mexican looked on in great wonderment. "Praps that is the best way," said the modern patriarch, "ef a man has got patience."

The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. He gave me to understand, by playful protest, that it was only by his good pleasure that I was permitted on his back, and that he endured saddle and bridle; as to spur or whip, they were not thought of by either. He did not obey, but consented. I exercised no control. We were of one mind.

I named him Don Fulano. I had put my mine into him. He represented to me the whole visible, tangible result of two long, workaday years, dragged out in that dreary spot. Don Fulano was my profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life! I looked at him, and looked at the mine, that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore, and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. "My kingdom for a horse,"—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given.

—*From "John Brent."*

THE KING.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is known chiefly as a dialect poet. He was born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1852, worked for some years at the painter's trade, and then engaged in journalism. He has published several volumes of poetry since his first book appeared (1883).

They rode right out of the morning sun—
A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and everyone
In princely sheen arrayed;
And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,
With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red
That spurted about in the breeze and bled
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
With brave, glad banners of every hue
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
In splendor, two and two;
And the tinkling links of the golden reins
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they neighed
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
Like the moon on rippling tides;

And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,
And jostled in time to the teeming throng,
And their knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
As one at a wilful child,—
And as knight and lady away they flew,
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew,
He kissed his hand and smiled.—

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
The pageant glittered across the plain,
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower
Was only a crimson stain.
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast:
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"
And Autumn is here again.

First, April, she with mellow show'rs
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

— *Robert Herrick.*

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin in 1667, of English parents. His father died in poverty before Swift was born. The child was thus left dependent upon the charity of relatives. This galled his proud spirit and embittered much of his life. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but much of his hardest study was done after his college days. In 1694 he entered the church. His writings are all witty and satirical. His poetry, as well as his prose, shows him to be an observer of human nature. His best known works are "The Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of the Books," and "Gulliver's Travels." The latter was received with delight and admiration. It is said of Swift that he, almost beyond any man, knew the purity, the extent, and the precision of the English language.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in ten months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those

seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the following day; for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether); on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river, or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now

began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently toward the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterward told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a highroad, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you come to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because

every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing toward the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came toward him, with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred

yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune, to let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air about sixty feet from the ground, although he previously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to

look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head toward my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hair aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hands about him, and asked them, as I afterward learned, whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me? He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow toward the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could.

The farmer by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but

the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a watermill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat,

then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being at great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, gave three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his laborers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these particulars, which however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world.

—Abridged from "Gulliver's Travels."

DAFFODILS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth, one of the greatest of English poets, was born at Cockermouth, England, on April 7, 1770. After graduating from the University of Cambridge, in 1791, he spent some months in France, being drawn thither by his enthusiasm for the doctrines of democracy and the rights of man then so brilliantly advocated by the French revolutionists. It was not till 1798, when he published "Lyrical Ballads," that he can be said to have enriched English literature with any contribution of permanent value. "The Prelude," "The Excursion," "Peter Bell," "Yarrow Revisited," and "The White Doe of Rylstone" are other works on which rest his claims to preëminent poetic greatness. Wordsworth was more original and philosophical than any of his famous contemporaries. His poetry is especially distinguished for evincing an exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature in every form. He died at Rydal Mount, England, on April 23, 1850.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company;
    I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
    What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
    And then my heart with pleasure fills,
    And dances with the daffodils.

Compare with Herrick's "Daffodils."

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I heard a thousand blended notes
  While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
  Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
  The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
  What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
  The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
  Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
  Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
  It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
  To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
  That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
  If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
  What man has made of man?

AN ESKIMO HUT.

ISAAC I. HAYES.

ISAAC ISRAEL HAYES, an American arctic explorer, was born in Pennsylvania in 1832 and died in New York in 1881. He was surgeon in the famous Grinnell expedition under Doctor Kane, in 1853–5, and afterward conducted a voyage of exploration which reached 81° 25′ north latitude. Doctor Hayes was a fascinating writer, and published several interesting works concerning the arctic regions, especially noteworthy being "An Arctic Boat Journey" and "The Open Polar Sea."

On the slope, fifty yards from the beach, in the midst of rocks and bowlders, stood the settlement—two stone huts, twenty yards apart! It seemed more fitted for the dwelling-place of wild animals than for the home of human beings. Around it was a wilderness of rock, and snow, and ice. I embraced the opportunity to pay a visit to these huts. I found them to be in shape much like an old-fashioned country clay oven, square in front, and sloping back into the hill.

They were now covered with snow, and, until after entering, I could not discover of what material they were made. To get inside, I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees through a covered passage about twelve feet long. Kalutunah, upon hearing my footsteps, came out to welcome me, which he did by patting me on the back and grinning in my face. Preceding me with a smoking torch, which was a piece of burning moss saturated

with fat, he advanced through the low, narrow passage, tramping over several snarling dogs and half-grown puppies.

After making two or three turns, I observed at last a bright light streaming down through a hole, into which my guide elevated his body; and then, moving to one side, he made room for his guest. I found myself in a den in which I could not stand upright, but which was crowded with human beings of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes. I was received with a hilarious shout which assured me of welcome. Like a flock of sheep crowding into a pen, they packed themselves in the corners to make room for me on the only seat which I could discover. I had come to gratify my own curiosity, but theirs was even more rapacious than mine, and must be first satisfied. Everything I had on and about me underwent the closest examination.

My long beard greatly excited their interest and admiration. Being themselves without this hirsute appendage, or at most having only a few stiff hairs upon the upper lip and the point of the chin, I could readily appreciate their curiosity. They touched it and stroked it, patting me all the while on the back, and hanging on my arms, legs, and shoulders.

I was a very Peter Parley among a crowd of overgrown children. They were greatly puzzled over my woolen clothing, and could not comprehend of what kind of skins it was made. The nearest that I could approach to a description was that it grew on an animal looking like an "ukalek" (hare). That it was not skin, I could not make them understand. Hans, being once importuned at the ship on the

same subject, told some of them, rather pettishly, that it was "man skin"; and this I found seemed to be the general impression.

During the incidents just detailed, I found leisure to examine the hut. The whole interior was about ten feet in diameter and five and a half feet high. The walls were made of stones, moss, and the bones of whale, narwhal, and other animals. They were not arched, but drawn in gradually from the foundation, and capped by long slabs of slate-stone, stretching from side to side.

The floor was covered with thin, flat stones. Half of this floor, at the back part of the hut, was elevated a foot. This elevation was called "breck"; and it served both as bed and seat, being covered with dry grass, over which were spread bear and dog skins. At the corners in front were similar elevations, under one of which lay a litter of pups, with their mother, and under the other was stowed a joint of meat. The front of the hut was square, and through it, above the passageway, opened a window; a square sheet of strips of dried intestine, sewed together, admitted the light.

The hole of entrance in the floor was close to the front wall, and was covered with a piece of seal-skin. The walls were lined with seal or fox skins, stretched to dry. In the cracks between the stones were thrust whipstocks, and bone pegs on which hung coils of harpoon lines. On one side of me, at the edge of the "breck," sat an old woman, and on the other side a young one, each busily engaged in attending to a smoky, greasy lamp. A third woman sat in a corner, similarly occupied.

The lamps were made of soapstone, and in shape much resembled a clam-shell, being about eight inches in diameter. The cavity was filled with oil, and on the straight edge a flame was burning quite brilliantly. The wick which supplied fuel to the flame was of moss. The only business of the women seemed to be to prevent the lamps from smoking, and to keep them supplied with blubber, large pieces of which were placed in them, the heat of the flame trying out the oil.

About three inches above this flame, hung, suspended from the ceiling, an oblong square pot of the same material as the lamp, in which something was slowly simmering. Over this was suspended a rack made of bear-rib bones lashed together crosswise, on which were placed to dry, stockings, mittens, pantaloons, and other articles of clothing.

The inmates had no other fire than was supplied by the lamps, nor did they need any. The hut was absolutely hot. So many persons crowded into so small a space would, of themselves, keep the place warm. I counted eighteen, and may, very probably, have missed two or three small ones.

Centering each around its own particular lamp and pot were three families, one of which was represented by three generations. These three families numbered, in all, thirteen individuals; but besides these there were some visitors from the other hut.

The air of the place was insufferable, except for a short time. The half-decomposed scraps of fur, fat, and flesh, which lay upon the floor and "breck," or were heaped in the corners; the poisonous multiplicity of breathing lungs; the steam which rose from

the heated bodies of the inmates; and the smoke of the lamps, all together created an atmosphere which was almost stifling.

There may have been a vent-hole, but I did not see any. I perspired as if in the tropics. Perceiving this, the company invited me to imitate them, and instantly half a dozen boys and girls seized my coat and boots, preparatory to stripping me. But I had brought from home certain conventional notions, and I declined the intended courtesy, telling them that I must go back to my people.

First, however, I must have something to eat. This was an invitation which I feared; and now that it had come, I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks (koyenak), was one of the few in their language that I knew, and of this I made the most.

They laughed heartily when I said "Koyenak" in reply to their invitation to eat; and immediately a not very beautiful young damsel poured some of the contents of one of the before-mentioned pots into a skin dish, and after sipping it, to make sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, she passed it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me; but all eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolitic to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, swallowed the dose, and retired. I was afterward told that it was their great delicacy, which had been proffered to me — a soup made by boiling together blood, oil, and seal-intestines. It was well that I was ignorant of this fact.

—From "An Arctic Boat Journey" – Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular novelist of his time, was born at Landport, England, in 1812, and died at Gadshill in 1870. He was by turns a lawyer's clerk, a shorthand writer in the London law courts, and a newspaper reporter. His first book, "Sketches by Boz," was favorably received. The "Pickwick Papers," issued in 1837, established his reputation. Thereafter he poured forth novel after novel, each characterized by keen observation and a lively sense of humor, and permeated by vivid sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the poor and the unfortunate.

CHIRP THE FIRST.

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but, I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope? The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the Cricket uttered a chirp.

As if the clock hadn't finished striking, and the convulsive little Haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe in front of a Moorish palace, hadn't mowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the Cricket joined in at all! Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But, this is a question of fact. And

the fact is, that the kettle began it at least five minutes before the Cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, filled the kettle at the water butt. Presently returning, she set the kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for, the water being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippy, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her legs.

Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very Idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half

the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said: "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But, Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock-still before the Moorish Palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But, his sufferings when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the Palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet, to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into

a stream of song so cozy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book — better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid — such is the influence of a bright example — performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size! you couldn't see it!); that, if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its

legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But of this there is no doubt: that, the kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

—*From "The Cricket on the Hearth."*

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, an eminent English poet, was born at Great Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. Notwithstanding an unfortunate tendency to insanity which often plunged him in the deepest melancholy, Cowper is one of the most natural and unaffected of writers. To him and to his great contemporary, Burns, English literature is under lasting obligations for bringing poetry back to nature. Much of Cowper's fame rests on his religious poems and his letters. He died at East Dereham, Norfolk, in 1800.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallopp'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;"
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE EAGLE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

R. L. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON was a writer whose stories of adventure recall the best romances of Scott and Defoe. Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850, and died at Apia, in the Samoa Islands, in 1894. He was educated at Edinburgh University and was called to the Scottish bar, but he never practiced. His works of fiction are written in a simple, natural style, and admirably picture the times in which their scenes are laid. Stevenson never fails to inculcate the priceless value of the manly virtues — courage, sincerity, patience, self-reliance, self-respect.

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzen-mast Hill were at my elbow, the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the

sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea-lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce

violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from the shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land."

No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay

on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the Hispaniola under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The Hispaniola was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing, she was lying a course

about northwest, and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the Hispaniola sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with rapidly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered Hispaniola. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me — standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas crackling like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the Hispaniola revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me

her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the Hispaniola.

—*From "Treasure Island,"*

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the greatest lyric poet of Scotland, was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759, and died in Dumfries, Scotland, July 21, 1796. Burns is essentially a poet of the human heart and of nature. His numbers, brimming with tenderness and passion, were the spontaneous answer of his finely tempered sensibilities to the conditions of life by which he was surrounded. It was his genius that brought English poetry back to nature, and the poetic anthology of the whole world contains nothing superior to his best songs.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd[1] for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

[1] Gold.

Ye see yon birkie[1], ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof[2] for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon[3] his might,
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that![4]
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree[5], and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

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1 A proud, affected person. 2 Fool. 3 Above. 4 He must not try that.
5 Win the prize.

ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

J. F. COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1789, and died in Cooperstown, N. Y , in 1851. He began active life as a midshipman in the American navy, but after a few years retired from the service. Adopting literature as a profession, he published his first novel in 1821, entitled "Precaution." This was quickly followed by "The Spy," the popularity of which at once secured him a place in the first rank of the novelists of his time. Then followed the long series entitled "Leatherstocking Tales," in which exciting adventure was interspersed with historical narrative in a style of remarkable attractiveness and force. These romances won instant popularity in both America and Europe. Doubtless he idealized his favorite subject, the somewhat legendary type of Indian, yet his works are of lasting value and interest.

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from

the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed —

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds: it may be a wanderer starving on the hill." More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried:

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

But when aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire, by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth: "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sound of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling. This vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a

kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed

constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which were its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye.

But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of His creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next, to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the cretur's head." 'T was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with the unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach.

At the next instant the form of Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector; come in; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position notwithstanding the violent bounds of the wounded panther, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

—*From "The Pioneers."*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—*William Shakspere.*

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING, an eminent English poet, was born near London, in 1812. His drama of "Paracelsus," published in 1836, first brought him into notice. His later poems are remarkable for depth, subtlety, and an analysis of the human mind, surpassed in profoundness by but few English poets. When the young reader fails to understand, at first, certain passages in Browning's poems, he should not conclude that the author's style is obscure, but that the thought is deep. Browning's fame rests largely on his longer poetic efforts, such as "A Blot on the Scutcheon," "Pippa Passes," and "Men and Women." Browning died at the age of seventy-seven, in Venice, Italy.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let, once my army-leader, Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

— From Browning's "Pippa Passes."

"PUSLEY."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, a popular American prose writer, was born in Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. In early life he practiced law in Chicago, but soon turned to literature. "My Summer in a Garden," from which the accompanying extract is taken, is one of his earlier works. He has published also "Saunterings," "Back-Log Studies," "A Roundabout Journey," "On Horseback," and other volumes, including "Studies in the South" and "Studies in the Great West," all characterized by an entertaining style and a fine flavor of humor.

I asked Polly if she had seen to the garden while I was away, and she said she had. I found that all the melons had been seen to, and the early grapes and pears. The green worm had also seen to about half the celery; and a large flock of apparently perfectly domesticated chickens were roaming over the ground, gossiping in the hot September sun, and picking up any odd trifle that might be left. On the whole, the garden could not have been better seen to; though it would take a sharp eye to see the potato-vines amid the rampant grass and weeds.

The new strawberry-plants, for one thing, had taken advantage of my absence. Every one of them had sent out as many scarlet runners as an Indian tribe has. Some of them had blossomed; and a few had gone so far as to bear ripe berries, — long, pear-shaped fruit, hanging like the ear-pendants of an East-Indian bride.

But another enemy had come into the strawberries, which, after all that has been said in these papers,

I am almost ashamed to mention. But does the preacher in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, shrink from speaking of sin? I refer, of course, to the greatest enemy of mankind, "p–sl–y." The ground was carpeted with it. I should think that this was the tenth crop of the season; and it was as good as the first.

I see no reason why our northern soil is not as prolific as that of the tropics, and will not produce as many crops in the year. The mistake we make is in trying to force things that are not natural to it. I have no doubt that, if we turn our attention to "pusley," we can beat the world.

I had no idea, until recently, how generally this simple and thrifty plant is feared and hated. Far beyond what I had regarded as the bounds of civilization, it is held as one of the mysteries of a fallen world; accompanying the home missionary on his wanderings, and preceding the footsteps of the Tract Society. I was not long ago in the Adirondacks. We had built a camp for the night, in the heart of the woods, high up on John's Brook and near the foot of Mount Marcy: I can see the lovely spot now. It was on the bank of the crystal, rocky stream, at the foot of high and slender falls, which poured into a broad amber basin.

Out of this basin we had just taken trout enough for our supper, which had been killed, and roasted over the fire on sharp sticks, and eaten before they had an opportunity to feel the chill of this deceitful world. We were lying under the hut of spruce-bark, on fragrant hemlock-boughs, talking, after supper. In front of us was a huge fire of birch

logs; and over it we could see the top of the falls glistening in the moonlight; and the roar of the falls, and the brawling of the stream near us, filled all the ancient woods. It was a scene upon which one would think no thought of sin could enter.

We were talking with old Phelps, the guide. Old Phelps is at once guide, philosopher, and friend. He knows the woods and streams and mountains, and their savage inhabitants, as well as we know all our rich relations and what they are doing; and in lonely bear-hunts and sable-trappings he has thought out and solved most of the problems of life. As he stands in his wood-gear, he is as grizzly as an old cedar-tree; and he speaks in a high falsetto voice, which would be invaluable to a boatswain in a storm at sea.

We had been talking of all subjects about which rational men are interested,—bears, panthers, trapping, the habits of trout, the tariff, the internal revenue (to wit, the injustice of laying such a tax on tobacco, and none on dogs: "There ain't no dog in the *U*nited States," says the guide, at the top of his voice, "that earns his living"), religion, the propagation of seeds in the wilderness (as, for instance, where were the seeds lying for ages that spring up into certain plants and flowers as soon as a spot is cleared anywhere in the remote forest; and why does a growth of oak-trees always come up after a growth of pine has been removed?)—in short, we had pretty nearly reached a solution of many mysteries, when Phelps suddenly exclaimed with uncommon energy,—

"Wall, there's one thing that beats me!"

"What's that?" we asked with undisguised curiosity.

"That's 'pusley'!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has come to one door in life which is hopelessly shut, and from which he retires in despair. "Where it comes from I don't know, nor what to do with it. It's in my garden; and I can't get rid of it. It beats me."

About "pusley" the guide had no theory and no hope. A feeling of awe came over me, as we lay there at midnight, hushed by the sound of the stream and the rising wind in the spruce-tops. Then man can go nowhere that "pusley" will not attend him. Though he camp on the Upper Au Sable, or penetrate the forest where rolls the Allegash, and hears no sound save his own allegations, he will not escape it. It has entered the happy valley of Keene, although there is no church there, and only a feeble school part of the year. Sin travels faster than they that ride in chariots.

I take my hoe, and begin; but by the time a man gets to be eighty he learns that he is compassed by limitations, and that there has been a natural boundary set to his individual powers. As he goes on in life, he begins to doubt his ability to destroy all evil and to reform all abuses, and to suspect that there will be much left to do after he has done. I stepped into my garden in the spring, not doubting that I should be easily master of the weeds. I have simply learned that an institution which is at least six thousand years old, and I believe six millions, is not to be put down in one season.

—*From "My Summer in a Garden."*

BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

H. D. THOREAU.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, an American philosopher, naturalist, and author, was born at Concord, Mass., in 1817, and died there in 1862. He was a man of unique genius, studied life by methods and from a view-point of his own, and wrote some original and interesting works. His "Walden" records experiences of hermit life, to which he voluntarily subjected himself for the space of two years. Healthy and robust in mind and body, sunny though eccentric in disposition, his sentiments are natural, sincere, and inspiring. His descriptions of nature, being qualified by a poetic temperament, are peculiarly fine and realistic.

One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red

republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other.

On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out.

The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red, — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants, then,

watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight! Two killed on the patriot's side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake fire!" —and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into

my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after an hour more, he accomplished.

I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.'

"A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

— *From "Walden."*

The poetry of the fields and forests is inseparable from truth. But the painter must idealize this truth by making it express some sentiment; faithfulness of imitation alone would not suffice.

— *Charles Blanc.*

UNCLE SANDY'S TEACHINGS.

HUGH MILLER.

HUGH MILLER, a noted geologist, was born at Cromarty, Scotland, in 1802, and died in Edinburgh in 1856. At the Cromarty grammar school he acquired a good English education. From his seventeenth to his thirty-fourth year he labored as a stone mason. In 1840 he became the editor of *The Witness*, an Edinburgh paper, and shortly afterward published his best-known work, "The Old Red Sand-stone." Its scientific worth was at once recognized. This literary success was soon afterward followed by other ventures in popularizing science. Among these were "Footprints of the Creator," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," and "Testimony of the Rocks."

It is low water in the Frith of Cromarty between six and seven o'clock in the evening; and my Uncle Sandy, in returning from his work at the close of the day, used not unfrequently to strike down the hillside, and spend a quiet hour in the ebb.

I delighted to accompany him on these occasions. There are professors of Natural History that know less of living nature than was known by Uncle Sandy; and I deemed it no small matter to have all the various productions of the sea with which he was acquainted pointed out to me in these walks.

He was a skillful crab and lobster fisher, and knew every hole and cranny, along several miles of rocky shore, in which the creatures were accustomed to shelter, with not a few of their own peculiarities of character. Contrary to the view taken by some of our naturalists, such as Agassiz, who hold that the crab—a genus comparatively recent in its appearance in creation—is higher in

its standing than the more ancient lobster, my uncle regarded the lobster as a more intelligent animal than the crab.

The hole in which the lobster lodges has almost always two openings, he has said, through one of which it sometimes contrives to escape when the other is stormed by the fisher; whereas the crab is usually content, like the "rat devoid of soul," with a hole of only one opening; and, besides, gets so angry, in most cases, with his assailant, as to become more bent on assault than escape, and so loses himself through sheer loss of temper.

Yet the crab has, he used to add, some points of intelligence about him too. When, as sometimes happened, he got hold, in his dark, narrow recess in the rock, of some luckless digit, my uncle showed me how that, after the first tremendous squeeze, he began always to experiment upon what he had got, by alternately slackening and straightening his grasp, as if to ascertain whether it had life in it, or was merely a piece of dead matter.

The only way to escape him, on these trying occasions, was to let the finger lie passively between his nippers, as if it were a bit of stick or tangle; when, apparently deeming it such, he would be sure to let it go. On the least attempt to withdraw it, he would at once straighten his grip, and not again relax it for mayhap half an hour.

In dealing with the lobster, the fisher had to beware that he did not depend too much on the hold he got of the creature, if it was merely a hold of one of the great claws. For a moment it would remain passive in his grasp; he would then be

sensible of a slight tremor in the captured limb, and mayhap hear a slight crackle; and, *presto*, the captive would straightway be off like a dart through the deep-water hole, and only the limb remain in the fisher's hand.

Lobsters do not always lose their limbs with the necessary judgment. They throw them off when suddenly frightened, without first waiting to consider whether the sacrifice of a pair of legs is the best mode of obviating the danger.

On firing a musket over a lobster just captured, my uncle has seen it throw off both its great claws in the sudden extremity of its terror, just as a panic-struck soldier sometimes throws away his weapons.

The tract of sea-bottom laid dry by the ebb formed an admirable school, and Uncle Sandy an excellent teacher, under whom I was not in the least disposed to trifle; and when, long after, I learned to detect old marine bottoms far out of sight of the sea — now amid the ancient forest-covered Silurians of central England, and anon opening to the light on some hillside among the Mountain Limestones — I have felt how very much I owed to his instructions.

His facts wanted a vocabulary adequately fitted to represent them; but though they "lacked a commodity of good names," they were all founded on careful observation, and possessed that first element of respectability — perfect originality: they were all acquired by himself. I owed more, however, to the habit of observation which he assisted me in forming, than even to his facts; and yet some of these were of high value.

—*From "School and Schoolmaster."*

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDOO FABLE.

J. G. SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE was born at Highgate, Vt., in 1816, and died in Albany, N. Y., in 1887. He achieved great popularity as a humorous poet. Among his earlier productions, "The Rhyme of the Rail" and "The Proud Miss McBride" attracted wide attention and made for him a place among American humorists, which his subsequent writings fully maintained. Saxe had other gifts than the ability to pen humorous verse. As editor of the Burlington *Sentinel*, as State attorney, and as a public lecturer, he acquitted himself with high credit.

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

ROBIN HOOD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT, one of the greatest names in English literature, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He was educated at the university of his native city and was admitted to the Scottish bar. Disliking the practice of law, he turned his attention to literary work. His splendid poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," were received with unbounded enthusiasm. These were followed by "Rokeby" and "The Lord of the Isles." In 1814 he published "Waverley," the first one of that unsurpassed series of historical novels which has carried his name into the remotest quarters of the civilized world. He was made a baronet in 1820 by George IV. Crowned with the highest honors of literary fame, he died at Abbotsford, Scotland, in 1832.

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the

target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley,"* said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill thy bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and, raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew the bowstring to his ear.

* Robin Hood.

The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light breath of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow lighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain!"

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman to try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill.

"For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for

their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty Knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft, but," added he, walking deliberately away to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and it were the stout King Richard himself!"

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat-straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"'I will do my best,' as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated

their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

—*From "Ivanhoe."*

LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for
stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near:
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*From "Marmion."*

FOX-TERRIER NATURE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

Among living English humorous writers, JEROME KLAPKA JEROME stands in the front rank. He was born at Walsall, England, in 1861. While he was still a child his parents removed to London, and he has resided in that city ever since. After leaving school he tried many ways of earning a living, and he has been, in turn, clerk, school-teacher, actor, stenographer, and journalist. As an author, his greatest success is his genially witty story entitled "Three Men in a Boat."

We got up tolerably early on the Monday morning at Marlow, and went for a bath before breakfast; and, on coming back, my terrier, Montmorency, made an awful idiot of himself. The only subject on which Montmorency and I have any serious difference of opinion is cats. I like cats; Montmorency does not.

When I meet a cat, I say, "Poor Pussy!" and stoop down and tickle the side of its head; and the cat sticks up its tail in a rigid, cast-iron manner, arches its back, and wipes its nose up against my trousers; and all is gentleness and peace. When Montmorency meets a cat, the whole street knows about it; and there is enough bad language wasted in ten seconds to last an ordinarily respectable man all his life, with care.

I do not blame the dog (contenting myself, as a rule, with merely clouting his head or throwing

stones at him), because I take it that it is his nature. Fox-terriers are born with about four times as much original sin in them as other dogs are, and it will take years and years of patient effort on the part of us Christians to bring about any appreciable reformation in the rowdiness of the fox-terrier nature.

I remember being in the lobby of the Haymarket Stores one day, and all roundabout me were dogs, waiting for the return of their owners, who were shopping inside. There were a mastiff, and one or two collies, and a St. Bernard, a few retrievers and Newfoundlands, a boar-hound, a French poodle, with plenty of hair round its head, but mangy about the middle; a bulldog, a few Lowther Arcade sort of animals, about the size of rats, and a couple of Yorkshire tykes.

There they sat, patient, good, and thoughtful. A solemn peacefulness seemed to reign in that lobby. An air of calmness and resignation—of gentle sadness pervaded the room.

Then a sweet young lady entered, leading a meek-looking little fox-terrier, and left him, chained up there, between the bulldog and the poodle. He sat and looked about him for a minute. Then he cast up his eyes to the ceiling, and seemed, judging from his expression, to be thinking of his mother. Then he yawned. Then he looked round at the other dogs, all silent, grave, and dignified.

He looked at the bulldog sleeping dreamlessly on his right. He looked at the poodle, erect and haughty, on his left. Then, without a word of warning, without the shadow of a provocation, he

bit that poodle's near fore leg, and a yelp of agony rang through the quiet shades of that lobby.

The result of his first experiment seemed highly satisfactory to him, and he determined to go on and make things lively all round. He sprang over the poodle and vigorously attacked a collie, and the collie woke up, and immediately commenced a fierce and noisy contest with the poodle.

Then Foxey came back to his own place and caught the bulldog by the ear, and tried to throw him away; and the bulldog, a curiously impartial animal, went for everything he could reach, including the hall-porter, which gave that dear little terrier the opportunity to enjoy an uninterrupted fight of his own with an equally willing Yorkshire tyke.

Any one who knows canine nature need hardly be told that, by this time, all the other dogs in the place were fighting as if their hearths and homes depended on the fray. The big dogs fought each other indiscriminately; and the little dogs fought among themselves, and filled up their spare time by biting the legs of the big dogs.

The whole lobby was a perfect pandemonium, and the din was terrific. A crowd assembled outside in the Haymarket, and asked if it was a vestry meeting; or, if not, who was being murdered, and why? Men came with poles and ropes, and tried to separate the dogs, and the police were sent for.

And in the midst of the riot that sweet young lady returned, and snatched up that sweet little dog of hers (he had laid the tyke up for a month, and had on the expression, now, of a new-born lamb) into her arms, and kissed him, and asked him if he

was killed, and what those great nasty brutes of dogs had been doing to him; and he nestled up against her, and gazed up into her face with a look that seemed to say: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come to take me away from this disgraceful scene!"

She said that the people at the Stores had no right to allow great savage things like those other dogs to be put with respectable people's dogs, and that she had a great mind to summon somebody.

Such is the nature of fox-terriers; and, therefore, I do not blame Montmorency for his tendency to row with cats; but he wished he had not given way to it that morning.

We were, as I have said, returning from a dip, and half-way up the High Street a cat darted out from one of the houses in front of him, and began to trot across the road. Montmorency gave a cry of joy—the cry of a stern warrior who sees his enemy given over to his hands—the sort of cry Cromwell might have uttered when the Scots came down the hill—and flew after his prey.

His victim was a large black Tom. I never saw a larger cat, nor a more disreputable-looking cat. It had lost half its tail, one of its ears, and a fairly appreciable proportion of its nose. It was a long, sinewy-looking animal. It had a calm, contented air about it.

Montmorency went for that poor cat at the rate of twenty miles an hour; but the cat did not hurry up—did not seem to have grasped the idea that its life was in danger. It trotted quietly on until its would-be assassin was within a yard of it, and then it turned round and sat down in the middle of the

road, and looked at Montmorency with a gentle, inquiring expression, that said:

"Yes! You want me?"

Montmorency does not lack pluck; but there was something about the look of that cat that might have chilled the heart of the boldest dog. He stopped abruptly, and looked back at Tom.

Neither spoke; but the conversation that one could imagine was clearly as follows:

The Cat: "Can I do anything for you?"

Montmorency: "No—no, thanks."

The Cat: "Don't you mind speaking, if you really want anything, you know."

Montmorency (*backing down the High Street*): "Oh, no—not at all—certainly—don't you trouble. I—I am afraid I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you. Sorry I disturbed you."

The Cat: "Not at all—quite a pleasure. Sure you don't want anything now?"

Montmorency (*still backing*): "Not at all, thanks—not at all—very kind of you. Good morning."

The Cat: "Good morning."

Then the cat rose and continued his trot; and Montmorency, fitting what he calls his tail carefully into its groove, came back to us, and took up an unimportant position in the rear.

To this day, if you say the word "Cats!" to Montmorency, he will visibly shrink and look up piteously at you, as if to say:

"Please don't!"

ARMAGEDDON.

(A War Song of the Future.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sir Edwin Arnold, an English poet and journalist, was born in 1832. He has spent much time in India and Japan, and many of his literary efforts relate to the past and present of those countries. Arnold's best-known work, "The Light of Asia," is a long poem on the teachings of Gautama Buddha, the supposed founder of the Buddhist religion. The poem praises Buddhism extravagantly.

Marching down to Armageddon —
  Brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
  With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
  Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph! —
  Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorners —
  Love the lovers — hate
None within the world's four corners —
  All must share one fate;
We are they whose common banner
  Bears no badge nor sign,
Save the Light which dyes it white —
  The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the Kings
Their cruel price for Peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword
Is what Christ did teach—
"Each man for his Brother first—
And Heaven, then, for each."

We are they who will not falter—
Many swords or few—
Till we make this Earth the altar
Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner Law than "Brotherhood"—
A lower Lord than GOD.

Marching down to Armageddon—
Brothers, stout and strong!
Ask not why the way we tread on
Is so rough and long!
God will tell us when our spirits
Grow to grasp His plan!
Let us do our part to-day—
And help Him, helping Man!

Shall we even curse the madness,
Which for "ends of State"
Dooms us to the long, long sadness
Of this human hate?

Let us slay in perfect pity
  Those that must not live;
Vanquish, and forgive our foes—
  Or fall—and still forgive!

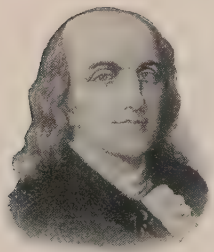
We are those whose unpaid legions,
  In free ranks arrayed,
Massacred in many regions—
  Never once were stayed:
We are they whose torn battalions,
  Trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph,—
  Conquer, while we die!

Therefore, down to Armageddon—
  Brothers, bold and strong;
Cheer the glorious way we tread on
  With this soldier song!
Let the armies of the old Flags
  March in silent dread!
Death and Life are one to us,
  Who fight for Quick and Dead!

Compare with "The Two Armies," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE WHISTLE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, one of America's most distinguished statesmen and philosophers, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. From the level of a journeyman printer he rose to such eminence as a man of general learning and inventive genius, and as a philosopher, statesman, diplomat, and patriot, that his fame became known over all the civilized world. The universities of Oxford, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and he was made an Associate of the Academy of Science in Paris. His many-sided genius, his tireless efforts in the pursuit and dissemination of useful knowledge, and the unalloyed nobleness of his character, gained for him the admiration of Europe and America. Before the Revolutionary War, throughout its progress, and in the momentous international transactions which marked its conclusion, Franklin was among the foremost of that glorious constellation of great and patriotic men who initiated and conducted the struggle of this nation for freedom, drafted its Declaration of Independence, negotiated its treaties, and formulated the principles of its grand Constitution.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much

for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[The following paragraphs are taken from an article that was written by Benjamin Franklin nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, yet its wisdom is good for to-day, and will be good for all time. So well was this article appreciated when it was new, that it was copied into nearly all the newspapers of America, and was printed in placard form and hung up in thousands of homes in Great Britain. It was also translated into French and was distributed by the clergy of France among their parishioners.]

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods.

The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says."

They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.'

> Early to bed and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

as Poor Richard says. So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.'

Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

"Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure.'

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire'; and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee'; and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again:

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

"Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and

slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. 'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with all your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.'

"'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them!

"By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised.

"Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: They think, 'It is day, and will never be night'; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never

putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.'

"But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises and says:

> Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
> Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

"And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.'

"And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It can not promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to 'run in debt for these superfluities'? Poor Richard says, 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at

Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but —

> For age and want save while you may;
> No morning sun lasts a whole day.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

> Get what you can, and what you get hold;
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

"And, when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true 'We may give advice, but we can not give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counseled can not be helped'; and further, that, 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.'"

NATHAN HALE.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH, a distinguished jurist and poet, was born in 1827. He was graduated from Yale College in 1848, and entered the legal profession a few years later. Though absorbed in the duties of a most arduous vocation, Judge Finch has, now and then, found time to enrich current literature with more than one lyric that seem destined to immortality. His most widely known literary effort is the famous little poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray." No other tribute to the gallant dead of the Civil War has so deeply touched the popular heart, or has done more to unite North and South.

[After the American army's retreat from Long Island in 1776, Washington asked for some discreet officer to enter the enemy's camp, in order to ascertain its strength. Hale, though only twenty-one years old, volunteered for this difficult and dangerous service. He passed the British lines and made (in Latin) full notes of the information desired. On his return he was captured, and, by order of Sir William Howe, the British commander-in-chief, was hanged. The young patriot's last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."]

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
  A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
  In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
  He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
  And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found:
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty:
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

For Revolutionary Period read "Tabby's Table Cloth," in Louisa M. Alcott's "Spinning Wheel Stories"; Holmes' "Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill"; Emerson's "Concord Hymn," and Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride."

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, whom all Americans revere as "the father of his country," was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, Virginia, on the 14th of December, 1799. The whole world is familiar with his illustrious life and achievements. Although he is better known as a statesman and soldier than as an author, his State documents and letters, and his memorable "Farewell Address" on the occasion of his voluntary retirement to private life, are models of good writing. The accompanying maxims, composed in his youth, were prophetic of the singular thoughtfulness, wisdom, dignity, and uprightness which marked his character and life.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one, that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty, and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, and if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable

nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him, without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech ended.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you can not perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you speak of God, or His attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

HOW'S MY BOY?

SYDNEY DOBELL.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy, my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from the sea
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not a man in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy, my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue Jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton.*"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud

I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I never was aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother —
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy, my boy?"

A LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864) was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, an English poet of some note. She wrote much in prose for the magazines and published two small volumes of poems. Her verse shows but little imagination and lacks force and finish, but exhibits much refined feeling.

Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the Organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,—
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

SONG.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*From "Pippa Passes."*

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

The English author, LEIGH HUNT, was born in 1784 and died in 1859. He is known as an essayist and poet of cultivated style and fine imagination. He was the intimate friend of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. His work, "Recollections of Byron," is of great interest. He was radical in his political opinions, and fearless in his expression of them. His best long poem is his "Story of Rimini."

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

A RIVER IN THE OCEAN.

M. F. MAURY.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY was born in Virginia in 1806. For many years he was superintendent of the Hydrographic Bureau and the National Observatory in Washington. In 1861 he entered the Confederate naval service. At the close of the Civil War he accepted a Government appointment in Mexico, but shortly afterward returned to the United States and became Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. He died there in 1873. His labors in extending the science of ocean currents and winds were so valuable as to earn for him the title of "The Pathfinder of the Sea."

There is a river in the ocean: in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream.

Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea.

The waters of the Gulf Stream are salter than the littoral waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we account for the deep indigo

blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts. The salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of the sea-water in salt by its color — the greener the hue, the fresher the water.

No feature of the Gulf Stream excites remark among seamen more frequently than the sharpness of its edges, particularly along its inner borders. There, it is a streak on the water. As high up as the Carolinas this streak may be seen, like a greenish edging to a blue border — the bright indigo of the tropical contrasting finely with the dirty green of the littoral waters.

As to the temperature of the Gulf Stream, there is, in a winter's day, off Hatteras, and even as high up as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, in mid-ocean, a difference between its waters and those of the ocean near by of twenty degrees, and even thirty degrees. Water, we know, expands by heat, and here the difference of temperature may more than compensate for the difference in saltness, and leave, therefore, the waters of the Gulf Stream, though salter, yet lighter by reason of their warmth.

If they be lighter, they should therefore occupy a higher level than those through which they flow. That the Gulf Stream is roof-shaped, causing the waters on its surface to flow off to either side from the middle, we have not only circumstantial evidence to show, but observations to prove. Navigators, while drifting along with the Gulf Stream, have lowered a boat to try the surface current. In such cases, the boat would drift either to the east or to the west, as it happened to be on one side or the other of the axis of the stream, while

the vessel herself would drift along with the stream in the direction of its course; thus showing the existence of a shallow roof-current from the middle toward either edge, which would carry the boat along, but which, being superficial, does not extend deep enough to affect the drift of the vessel.

That such is the case is also indicated by the circumstance that the seaweed and driftwood which are found in such large quantities along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, are rarely, even with the prevalence of easterly winds, found along its inner edge — and for the simple reason that to cross the Gulf Stream, and to pass over from that side to this, they would have to drift up an inclined plane, as it were; that is, they would have to stem this roof-current until they reached the middle of the stream. We rarely hear of planks, or wrecks, or of any floating substance which is cast into the sea on the other side of the Gulf Stream being found along the coast of the United States. Driftwood, trees, and seeds from the West India Islands, are often cast up on the shores of Europe, but rarely on the Atlantic shores of this country.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and when the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side, at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them

and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful.

One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and, if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth — comparatively a good conductor of heat — instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water, much of its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be, as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme.

Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of heat to temper there the northern winds of winter.

It is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

— *From "Physical Geography of the Sea."*

THE COYOTE.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

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SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, familiarly known as "Mark Twain," the noted American humorist, was born in Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835. Having served as a printer's apprentice in early youth, he entered upon a life of adventure—as pilot on the Mississippi, editor in Nevada, and traveler at home and abroad—finally settling down in Hartford, Conn. A venture in the publishing business proved disastrous, and to retrieve his fortunes Mr. Clemens undertook an extended journey around the world with the view of gathering material for a work published under the title "Following the Equator." "The Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Gilded Age," written with Charles Dudley Warner and successfully dramatized; "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn," exhibit well the author's characteristic vein of broad humor, and have met with great popularity.

The coyote is a long, slim, sick and sorry looking skeleton, with a gray wolfskin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is *always* hungry. He is always poor, out of luck and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a

threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is *so* homely! — so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful.

When he sees you, he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again — another fifty and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon, that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a Minié rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifle cannon, and by the time you have "drawn a bead" on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now.

But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much — especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and

worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and to save the soul of him he can not understand why it is that he can not get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him — and *then* that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

This "spurt" finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

"Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub — business is business, and it will not do

for me to be fooling along this way all day"—and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a coyote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and more anxious not to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

BRET HARTE.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, a well-known novelist and poet, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839. In 1854 he removed to California, and some years later founded the *Overland Monthly*. He has filled consulships in Germany and Great Britain. Some of his earlier stories and poems attained an extraordinary popularity. Among his longer works are "Gabriel Conroy," "Thankful Blossom," and "A Phyllis of the Sierras." For years past he has made his home in England and has written but little.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that can not find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil:

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fiber cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruisèd leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfill,
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still!

FATE.

BRET HARTE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake-shock.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR.

BRET HARTE.

[A great rain had swept through the Sacramento Valley. On Christmas Eve of 1862, Simpson's Bar was threatened with high water, and the roads were almost impassable. In the "Old Man's" cabin his little child lay sick, wondering about Christmas, and if "Sandy Claus" really came down the chimney and gave things to children. The miners in the next room overheard the child and determined that he should have a Christmas. Dick Bullen agreed to take the wild ride of fifty miles to get presents for the boy. This selection describes Dick's homeward ride. His object is to reach the cabin before dawn.]

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outline of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the country road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the

bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded the second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant, and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson. I know you, you thief. Let me pass or———"

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slacking his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few minutes later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but, looking up, he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then, completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and, mounting again, dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run, Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from a loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry arose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

* * * * * * *

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No; but Dick——"

Dick staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

The Old Man unstrapped the pack, and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick."

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys,—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel.

"It don't look much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully * * * "But it's the best we could do * * * Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man"—The Old Man caught at his sinking figure.

"Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh, "tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar, and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

—*From "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

TELLING THE BEES.

J. G. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of America's foremost poets, was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. His boyhood was uneventful. He attended the village school, worked on a farm, and taught school as a means of support, much as many other boys have done. At twenty years of age his literary life began, various poems contributed to the newspapers indicating a decided talent for poetry. In 1851 he published "Songs of Labor." This volume was followed at intervals by other volumes containing a number of exquisite lyrics, several of them among the sweetest and tenderest ever penned. He also issued fiery trumpet-peals of song in behalf of whatever righteous causes inspired his muse. His best-known poem, "Snowbound," is particularly interesting as portraying vividly scenes of New England life, which had never before been drawn so graphically and with such sympathetic feeling.

[A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives were dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home. The scene is minutely that of the Whittier homestead.]

Here is the place; right over the hill
  Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
  And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
  And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
  And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mosséd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the
gay-leafed maple wood!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THE HUSKERS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;

And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE AVARICIOUS MILLER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a famous author in both prose and verse, was born in Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London in 1774. After obtaining his degree of B. A. from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1749, he studied medicine for some time at the University of Edinburgh. A tour on foot through several countries of Europe gained for him much experience of human affairs, but no money, and he was almost destitute when he settled in London in 1756. There he began the life of literary labor that resulted in the production of the best comedy of his time, "She Stoops to Conquer," the best poem, "The Deserted Village," and the best novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," an exquisite prose idyl. Goldsmith's style is a model of simplicity, naturalness, and grace.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine": but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain: while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was

such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy: he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his

sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he, in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum: returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

REINDEER TRAVELING.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, a celebrated traveler and author, was born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825, and died in Germany in 1878. His travels were world-wide, taking in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and several of the islands of the sea. During his very active life of travel, correspondence, and authorship of many prose works, his best and most spirited writings were in verse. See his "Rhymes of Travel," "Ballads and Other Poems," "Lyrics and Songs," and "Poems of the Orient."

After lunch we prepared ourselves for the new sensation. I put on a poesk of reindeer-skin, and my fur-lined Russian boots. Ludwig took a pulk also, to assist us in case of need. These pulks are shaped very much like a canoe; they are about five feet long, one foot deep, and eighteen inches wide, with a sharp bow and a square stern. You sit upright against the stern-board, with your legs stretched out in the bottom.

The deer's harness consists only of a collar of reindeer-skin around the neck, with a rope at the bottom, which is fastened to the bow of the pulk. He is driven by a single rein, attached to the base of the left horn, and passing over the back to the right hand of the driver, who thrusts his thumb into a loop at the end, and takes several turns around his wrist. The rein is held rather slack, in order that it may be thrown over to the right side when it slips to the left, which it is very apt to do.

I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his horns. Ludwig set off first; my deer gave a startling leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance, as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift presentiment of the catastrophe flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arm, was standing still, facing me, with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) on his face.

I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. Off we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until, the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snowdrifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom. My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white, solid mass, and my face began to tingle from its snow-bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white a beard suddenly emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Braisted, who was gathering himself up after his third shipwreck.

We took a fresh start, I narrowly missing another overturn as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found

no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low huts of Muonioniska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland traveling.

It was delightfully novel and exhilarating. I urged my deer with shouts, and never once looked behind me until I had climbed the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time before they arrived, Braisted's deer having become fractious and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, "There is nothing equal to this, except riding behind a right whale when he drives to windward, with every man trimming the boat, and the spray flying over your bows!"

We now turned northward through the village, flying around many sharp corners, but this I found comparatively easy work. But for the snow I had taken in, which now began to melt, I got on finely in spite of the falling flakes, which beat in our faces. Von Buch, in his journey through Lapland in 1807, speaks of Muonioniska as "a village with an inn where they have silver spoons." We stopped at a house which Mr. Wolley stated was the very building, but it proved to be a more recent structure on the site of the old inn. The people looked at us with curiosity on hearing we were Americans. They had heard the name of America, but did not seem to know exactly where it was.

On leaving the house, we had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby plowed a cataract of fine snow into my face, completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest pitch, flung me out, and the deer, eager to make for home, dragged me by the arm for about twenty yards before I could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although the temperature was only zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed, excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

—*From "Northern Travel," G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE MOUNTAINS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

O deep, exulting freedom of the hills!
O summits vast, that to the climbing view
In naked glory stand against the blue!
O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal fills
Heaven's amethystine bowl! O speeding streams,
That foam and thunder from the cliffs below!
O slippery brinks and solitudes of snow,
And granite bleakness, where the vulture screams!
O stormy pines, that wrestle with the breath
Of every tempest, sharp and icy horns,
And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morns,
And broad, dim wonders of the world beneath!
I summon ye, and 'mid the glare which fills
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills.

SNOW-FLAKES.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He was graduated with high honors at Bowdoin College in 1825. He began the study of law in his father's office, but abandoned it for the chair of modern languages in his alma mater. Later he was appointed to a similar position in Harvard University. To qualify himself fully for the discharge of his duties, he spent a year in Europe studying the northern languages. Longfellow's style is characterized by scholarly diction, picturesqueness and quaintness of fancy rather than by robust strength. Of his poems, "Hiawatha" is the greatest, because it sets forth in worthy measures the mythology of the Aborigines of America, and is the nearest approach to an epic made by any American poet. Though intensely national in spirit, Longfellow is highly regarded in Europe. His British admirers have placed a portrait bust of him in Westminster Abbey.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow
    Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
  Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
  In the white countenance confession,
    The troubled sky reveals
    The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet voices multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Once into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'Twas the daily call to labor,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

See Hawthorne's "Chimaera," in Book Five of this series.

SPRING.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It was a sweet carol which the Rhodian children sang of old in Spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season: —

"The Swallow is come!
The Swallow is come!
O, fair are the seasons, and light

Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!"

A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in Spring: —

"Stork! Stork! poor Stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum."

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the East-wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks, to sun themselves, and think it is Summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

"The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail."

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in

the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? At what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun, — to-morrow, not before; — they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frostlike cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The Mayflowers open their soft, blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls

adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

It was thus the Spring began in Heidelberg.

— *From "Hyperion."*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

— *Ben Jonson*

FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

JOSEPH STORY.

Joseph Story, the most eminent jurist of the nineteenth century, was born in Marblehead, Mass., in 1779. He was graduated from Harvard in 1798, and three years later was admitted to the bar. After considerable service in political life Story was, in 1811, appointed by President Madison a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. That high tribunal has never since had so young a member. For many years he was professor of constitutional law in the Harvard Law School. Judge Story's writings on various branches of jurisprudence won for him the very highest reputation.

The history of the steam engine is full of instruction. The Marquis of Worcester, early in the reign of Charles II., first directed the attention of the public to the expansive power of steam, when used in a close vessel, and of its capacity to be employed as a moving power in machinery. The suggestion slept almost without notice, until about the year 1698, when Captain Savary, a man of singular ingenuity, constructed an apparatus, for which he obtained a patent, to apply it to practical purposes. The invention of a safety-valve soon afterward followed; and that was succeeded by a close-fitted piston working in a cylinder.

Still, however, the engine was comparatively of little use, until Watt, a half century afterward, effected the grand improvement of condensing the steam in a separate vessel, communicating by a pipe with the cylinder; and Washbrough, in 1778, by the application of it to produce a rotary motion,

opened the most extensive use of it for mechanical purposes.

It was in reference to the astonishing impulse thus given to mechanical pursuits, that Doctor Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains remarkable for their prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam engine:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air;—
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs, as they move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

What would he have said if he had lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements.

When (said he) I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull, but endless, repetition of the "Fulton Folly." Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so —It is a foolish scheme — I wish we were well out of it."

I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated, that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet for a half-hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was doubted then if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in substance, from the lips of the inventor.

THE FIRST COTTON GIN.

HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY, a famous American journalist, was born in Amherst, N. H., in 1811, and died at Pleasantville, N. Y., in 1872. In boyhood he was a reader of all books within his reach. In 1841 he founded the New York *Tribune*. So powerful for some years was his influence in public affairs that a great political party nominated him for the presidency, but was not strong enough to elect him. Although his literary work was principally editorial writing, he wrote several books, the most important of which is "The American Conflict," a careful record of the principal events of the Civil War.

The plant known as *Cotton*, whence the fiber of that name is mainly obtained, appears to be indigenous in most tropical and semi-tropical countries, having been found growing wild by Columbus in Santo Domingo, and by later explorers throughout the region of the lower Mississippi and its tributaries.

In the British colonies now composing this country, the experiment of cotton-planting was tried so early as 1621. The export of 1790, as returned, was eighty-one bags; and the entire cotton crop of the United States at that time was probably less than the product of some single plantation in our day.* For, though the plant grew luxuriantly and produced abundantly throughout tide-water Virginia, and all that portion of our country lying southward and southwestward of Richmond, yet the enormous labor required to separate the seed

*1864.

from the tiny handful of fibers wherein it was imbedded, precluded its extensive and profitable cultivation. It seemed that the limit of American cotton cultivation had been fully reached, when an event occurred which speedily revolutionized the industry of our slave-holding States and the commerce and manufactures of the world.

Eli Whitney, a native of Westborough, Massachusetts, born December 8, 1765, was descended from ancestors of English stock. They were farmers, and, like most farmers of those days, in very moderate circumstances. Eli's father, industrious and ingenious, had a workshop, wherein he devoted the inclement season to the making of wheels and chairs. Here the son early developed a remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill. At nineteen he resolved to obtain a liberal education; but it was not until he had reached the age of twenty-three that he obtained the means for prosecuting his studies in Yale.

Mr. Whitney graduated in the fall of 1792, and directly engaged with a Mr. B——, from Georgia, as a private teacher. On his way thither, he had as a traveling companion Mrs. Greene, widow of the eminent Revolutionary General, Nathaniel Greene, who was returning to Savannah, after spending the summer at the North. On his arrival at Savannah, Mrs. Greene kindly invited him to the hospitalities of her residence. He was now informed by his employer that his services were not required, he (B——) having employed another teacher in his stead! Mrs. Greene hereupon urged him to make

her house his home so long as that should be desirable, and he gratefully accepted the offer.

Mrs. Greene happened to be engaged in embroidering on a peculiar frame known as a tambour. It was badly constructed, so that it injured the fabric while it impeded its production. Mr. Whitney eagerly volunteered to make her a better, and did so on a plan wholly new, to her great delight.

A large party of Georgians from Augusta, and the plantations above, soon after paid Mrs. G. a visit. Among the topics discussed by them around her fireside was the depressed state of Agriculture, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of Cotton, because of the trouble and expense incurred in separating the seed from the fiber. These representations impelled Mrs. Greene to say: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney — *he* can make anything."

She showed them her new tambour-frame and several ingenious toys which Mr. Whitney had made for the gratification of her children. She then introduced them to Whitney himself, extolling his genius and commending him to their confidence and friendship. In the conversation which ensued he observed that he had never seen cotton nor cotton-seed.

Mr. Whitney promised nothing, and gave little encouragement, but went to work. No cotton in the seed being at hand, he went to Savannah and searched among warehouses and boats until he found a small parcel. This he carried home, and, secluded in a basement room, set at work to devise and construct the implement required.

Tools being few and rude, he was constrained to make better — drawing his own wire, because none could, at that time, be bought in the city of Savannah.

Mrs. Greene and her friend, Mr. Miller, were the only persons who were allowed the entrée of his workshop — in fact, the only ones who clearly knew what he was about. His mysterious hammering and tinkering in that solitary cell were subjects of infinite curiosity, marvel, and ridicule among the younger members of the family. But he did not interfere with their merriment, nor allow them to interfere with his enterprise; and, before the close of winter, his machine was so nearly perfected that its success was no longer doubtful.

Mrs. Greene, too eager to realize and enjoy her friend's triumph, in view of the existing stagnation of Georgian industry, invited an assemblage at her house of leading gentlemen from various parts of the State, and on the first day after their meeting, conducted them to a temporary building, erected for the machine, in which they saw, with astonishment and delight, that one man with Whitney's invention could separate more cotton from the seed in a single day than he could without it by the labor of months.

Reports of the nature and value of his invention were widely and rapidly circulated, creating intense excitement. Multitudes hastened from all quarters to see his original machine; but, no patent having yet been secured, it was deemed unsafe to gratify their curiosity; so they broke open the building by night, and carried off the wonderful prize. Before

he could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of imitations had been made and set to work, deviating in some respects from the original, in the hope of thus evading all penalty.

In December, 1807, Mr. Whitney obtained a verdict against the pirates on his invention; his patent being now in the last year of its existence. The patent expired in 1808, leaving him a poorer man, doubtless, than though he had never listened to the suggestions of his friend, Mrs. Greene.

[By means of Whitney's remarkable invention the annual production of cotton in the United States has been augmented from about five thousand bales in 1793, to eight million bales in 1897. This enormous crop is more than half of all the cotton produced yearly on the globe.]

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and, hence, is just encouragement to energy and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a distinguished American poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, and died there in 1891. Having abandoned the purpose of a legal career in favor of literature, he devoted his life to travel and study, giving his thoughts to the world in many volumes of prose and verse. As a poet his position is deservedly eminent, the "Harvard Commemoration Ode," and that read under the old elm at Cambridge, in 1875, being among the highest flights American poetry has attained. Mr. Lowell was honored during his lifetime by Government appointments as minister to Spain and to England; and universities and societies abroad presented to him testimonials of their respect and esteem. Few writers, either in England or America, reward study so much as does this author, his style being founded upon the purest models, and notable for energy and strength, as well as for elegance.

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;

And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimensions!
Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained, a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

Compare with Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument," Fletcher's "Ode to Pan," in Book V. of this series, and also with Lowell's "Shepherd of King Admetus," and Matthew Arnold's "Song to Apollo."

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

A fine description of a snow-storm is found in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" in the chapter, "A Winter in Rivermouth." Read also, Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Emerson's "The Snow-Storm," Longfellow's "Snow-Flakes."

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not sooner or later responded. —*Lowell.*

OLD EPHRAIM.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York City in 1858. He is known as a public man rather than as an author, having been a member of the New York Legislature, United States Civil Service Commissioner, president of the New York Police Board, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the McKinley administration, and Governor of New York. While Assistant Secretary of the Navy his energy, executive ability, and sturdy patriotism won for him a national fame. Yet he is a vigorous and graphic writer, as is shown by his historical works, "The Winning of the West," "The Naval War of 1812," and his lives of Thomas H. Benton and Gouverneur Morris; and, also, by "The Wilderness Hunter," and his other books on ranch life and big-game hunting in the West.

For some days after our arrival on the Bighorn range we did not come across any grizzly. There were plenty of black-tail deer in the woods, and we came across a number of bands of cow and calf elk, or of young bulls; but after several days' hunting, we had seen no sign of grizzly, which was the game we were especially anxious to kill; for neither Merrifield nor I had ever seen a wild bear alive.

Sometimes we hunted in company; sometimes each of us went out alone. One day we had separated; I reached camp early in the afternoon, and waited a couple of hours before Merrifield put in an appearance.

At last I heard a shout, and he came in sight galloping at speed down an open glade, and waving his hat, evidently having had good luck; and when

he reined in his small, wiry cow-pony, we saw that he had packed behind his saddle the fine, glossy pelt of a black bear. The black bear (the only one we got on the mountains) he had run across by accident. Better still, he announced that he had been off about ten miles to a perfect tangle of ravines and valleys where bear sign was very thick; and not of black bear either, but of grizzly.

Merrifield's tale made me decide to shift camp at once, and go over to the spot where the bear-tracks were so plenty. Next morning we were off, and by noon pitched camp by a clear brook, in a valley with steep, wooded sides.

That afternoon we again went out, and I shot a fine bull elk. I came home alone toward nightfall, walking through a reach of burnt forest, where there was nothing but charred tree-trunks and black mould. When nearly through it I came across the huge, half-human footprints of a great grizzly, which must have passed within a few minutes. It gave me rather an eerie feeling in the silent, lonely woods, to see for the first time the unmistakable proofs that I was in the home of the mighty lord of the wilderness.

That evening we almost had a visit from one of the animals we were after. Several times we had heard at night the musical calling of the bull elk — a sound to which no writer has as yet done justice. This particular night, when we were in bed and the fire was smouldering, we were roused by a ruder noise — a kind of grunting or roaring whine, answered by the frightened snorts of the ponies.

It was a bear which had evidently not seen the

fire, as it came from behind the bank, and had probably been attracted by the smell of the horses. After it made out what we were it stayed round a short while, again uttered its peculiar roaring grunt, and went off; we had seized our rifles and had run out into the woods, but in the darkness could see nothing; indeed, it was rather lucky we did not stumble across the bear, as he could have made short work of us when we were at such a disadvantage.

Next day we went off on a long tramp through the woods and along the sides of the canyons. There were plenty of berry bushes growing in clusters; and all around these there were fresh tracks of bear. But the grizzly is also a flesh-eater, and has a great liking for carrion.

On visiting the place where Merrifield had killed the black bear, we found that the grizzlies had been there before us, and had utterly devoured the carcass, with cannibal relish. Hardly a scrap was left, and we turned our steps toward where lay the bull elk I had killed. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the place.

A grizzly had evidently been at the carcass during the preceding night, for his great footprints were in the ground all around it, and the carcass itself was gnawed and torn, and partially covered with earth and leaves—for the grizzly has a curious habit of burying all of his prey that he does not at the moment need.

The forest was composed mainly of what are called ridge-pole pines, which grow close together, and do not branch out until the stems are thirty or forty feet from the ground. Beneath these trees we walked

over a carpet of pine needles, upon which our moccasined feet made no sound. The woods seemed vast and lonely, and their silence was broken now and then by the strange noises always to be heard in the great forests.

We climbed up along the trunk of a dead tree which had toppled over until its upper branches struck in the limb crotch of another, that thus supported it at an angle half-way in its fall. When above the ground far enough to prevent the bear's smelling us, we sat still to wait for his approach; until, in the gathering gloom, we could no longer see the sights of our rifles.

It was useless to wait longer; and we clambered down and stole out to the edge of the woods. The forest here covered one side of a steep, almost canyon-like ravine, whose other side was bare except of rock and sage-brush. Once out from under the trees there was still plenty of light, although the sun had set, and we crossed over some fifty yards to the opposite hillside and crouched down under a bush to see if perchance some animal might not also leave the cover.

Again we waited quietly in the growing dusk until the pine trees in our front blended into one dark, frowning mass. At last, as we were rising to leave, we heard the sound of the breaking of a dead stick, from the spot where we knew the carcass lay. "Old Ephraim" had come back to the carcass. A minute afterward, listening with strained ears, we heard him brush by some dry twigs. It was entirely too dark to go in after him; but we made up our minds that on the morrow he should be ours.

Early next morning we were over at the elk carcass, and, as we expected, found that the bear had eaten his fill at it during the night. His tracks showed him to be an immense fellow, and were so fresh that we doubted if he had left long before we arrived; and we made up our minds to follow him up and try to find his lair. The bears that lived on these mountains had evidently been little disturbed; indeed, the Indians and most of the white hunters are rather chary of meddling with "Old Ephraim," as the mountain men style the grizzly. The bears thus seemed to have very little fear of harm, and we thought it likely that the bed of the one who had fed on the elk would not be far away.

My companion was a skillful tracker, and we took up the trail at once. For some distance it led over the soft, yielding carpet of moss and pine needles, and the footprints were quite easily made out, although we could follow them but slowly; for we had, of course, to keep a sharp look-out ahead and around us as we walked noiselessly on in the somber half-light always prevailing under the great pine trees.

After going a few hundred yards the tracks turned off on a well-beaten path made by the elk; the woods were in many places cut up by these game trails, which had often become as distinct as ordinary footpaths. The beast's footprints were perfectly plain in the dust, and he had lumbered along up the path until near the middle of the hillside, where the ground broke away and there were hollows and bowlders.

Here there had been a windfall, and the dead trees lay among the living, piled across one another in all directions; while between and around them sprouted up a thick growth of young spruces and other evergreens. The trail turned off into the tangled thicket, within which it was almost certain we would find our quarry. We could still follow the tracks, by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we advanced with noiseless caution.

When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was by it he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sideways to us.

Then he saw us and dropped down again on all-fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned toward us. As he sank down on his fore feet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white bead fairly between his small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled trigger. Half-rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule.

The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all or come a step toward us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud, as I stood over the great brindled bulk, which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreens. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate, he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds, and though this is not as large as some of his kind are said to grow in California, it is yet a very unusual size for a bear. He must have been very old, his teeth and claws being all worn down and blunted. He was still in the summer coat, his hair being short, and in color a curious brindled brown, somewhat like that of certain bulldogs; while all the bears we shot afterward had the long thick winter fur, cinnamon or yellowish brown. By the way, the name of this bear has reference to its character, and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelt grisly — in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a "grisly spectre" — and not grizzly; but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed.

I was very proud over my first bear; but Merrifield's chief feeling seemed to be disappointment that the animal had not had time to show fight. I did not at all share his feelings, having a hearty respect for my foes' prowess.

—*From "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman."*

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

AUDUBON.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, a great American naturalist, was born near New Orleans in 1780, and died in New York City in 1851. He made a special study of ornithology, and became the highest authority in America on birds and their habits. His drawings of our native species are the finest ever produced, each bird being delineated life size, and executed in splendid colored engravings by Mr. W. H. Lizars of Edinburgh, Scotland. Audubon's great work on "The Birds of America" was published in 1827–30, at a cost of $1,000 a copy. It was exceedingly beautiful, and copies are now very scarce. He also published "The American Ornithological Biography," "The Quadrupeds of America," and "A Biography of American Quadrupeds." In carrying out his colossal undertakings in the interest of science, he was encouraged and assisted by his father, who was an ardent lover of nature, by Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, and by such renowned Europeans as Herschel, Cuvier, Humboldt, Brewster, and Sir Walter Scott.

Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen;—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime

conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling —admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose.

Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forest, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets

with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upward, downward, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than bumble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair, you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child.

—*From "Birds of America."*

THE BIRD.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, one of the most brilliant and original of all writers on art, was born in London, England, in 1819, and died January 20, 1900. He was a graduate of Oxford, and for several years was professor of art in that university. A large fortune (inherited) enabled Ruskin to devote his genius unreservedly to his chosen field of work. "Modern Painters" was the first book to bring him fame. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice" were the fruits of a long residence in Italy. After 1860 he spent much of his time and money in endeavoring to relieve the laboring classes from the evils resulting from modern industrial life.

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and

twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud, that can not be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand; — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless.

—*From "The Queen of the Air."*

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?

—*Browning.*

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, late poet laureate of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, in 1809, and died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere Surrey. Although he published a few youthful effusions along with his brother Charles, in a small volume entitled, "Poems by Two Brothers," his literary career may be said to date from 1830. Yet it was not till 1842, when he issued "English Idylls," that his poetic fame was established on an enduring basis. When Wordsworth died (in 1850) it was with common consent that the laureateship was conferred on Tennyson. Many of his poems are nearly faultless in rhythm and diction.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he 'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'T is nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:

Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE BUGLE SONG.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scaur
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, one of the most distinguished of American authors, was born in New York, April 3, 1783, and died near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859. His first writings were essays. In 1809 he wrote "A History of New York to the end of the Dutch Dynasty," a burlesque so cleverly done that it has sometimes been taken seriously. His other writings, both humorous and serious, comprise many volumes. His most noted work is "The Life of Washington," published in 1855. The esteem in which this great American writer is held may be seen in the fact that one edition of his works, in fifteen volumes, reached a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work; and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk whose good opinion is worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New-Year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's Farthing.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family,

and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of

the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a

thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate

had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some

passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible

virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep

mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of

the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist,—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages

playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that

his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip,—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust,

the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came

tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very

village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old

resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes

of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored

order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, —his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died, but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he— "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen

to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of

the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war,—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England,—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and

could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE:—The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very old venerable man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

"D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:—

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she

would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forest and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its

precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter, who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

THE SEASONS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, an eminent American poet, physician, and lecturer, was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809, and died in Boston, October 7, 1894.

Doctor Holmes, after his graduation from Harvard, began the study of the law, but soon abandoned it for his father's profession — medicine. He held the professorship of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School many years. In 1857 he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of prose essays entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." These, for genuine humor, wit, wisdom, pathos, and literary execution, are unique in English literature. They were followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and then by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Of a more serious cast are his biographies of Emerson and Motley. Other prose works are several volumes of essays and three novels: "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy." His humorous and satirical poems rank very high, and some of his lyrics are among the finest ever penned.

The following notice has been put up everywhere in flaming letters for about six thousand years:

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! The wonderful exhibition of the Seasons is about to commence; four shows under one cover; the best ventilated place of entertainment in this or any other system; the stage lighted by solar, lunar, and astral lamps; an efficient police will preserve order. Gentlemanly ushers will introduce all new-comers to their places. Performance in twelve parts. Overture by the feathered choir; after which the white drop-curtain will rise, showing the remarkable succession of natural scenery designed and executed solely for this planet, — real forests, meadows, water, earth, skies, etc. At

the conclusion of each series of performances the storm-chorus will be given with the whole strength of the wind-instrument orchestra, and the splendid snow scene will be introduced, illuminated by grand flashes of the Aurora Borealis. Admittance free, refreshments furnished, complete suits of proper costume supplied at the door, *to be returned on leaving the exhibition.*"

Such is Nature's programme,— worth attending to, one might think,— yet there are great multitudes who lounge into the show and out of it, after being present at as many as threescore and ten performances in succession, without ever really looking at the scenery, or listening to the music, or observing the chief actors in the great drama. In the meantime, those awake to the sights and sounds which the procession of the months offers them, find endless entertainment and instruction.

As early as the first of March bluebirds have sometimes shown themselves. Robins make their appearance all the way from the first week in March to the first week in April. But some of them linger with us on winter half-pay through the cold season.

June comes in with roses in her hand, but very often with a thick shawl on her shoulders, and a bad cold in her head. The flowering meadows are sweet during the first week of July; in the fields the blue succory lights one or two blossoms in its chandelier; it is thrifty, and means to have its lamps last, not burn all at once. In the garden the stately hollyhock is practicing the same economy. The buckwheat fields are in blossom now, the second week of August— a sea of foam.

The saddest days of the year have not yet come, but the golden rod and the aster have been long in bloom. The birds have already been consulting about their departure for the south. The year is getting to feel rich, for his golden fruits are ripening fast, and he has a large balance in the barns, which are his banks.

Here comes Winter, savage as when he met the Pilgrims at Plymouth; turning the ground he treads to ringing iron, and, like a mighty sower, casting his snow far and wide, over all hills, and valleys and plains.

* * * * * * *

And so, my fellow-spectator at the great show of the Four Seasons, I wish you a pleasant seat through the performances, and that you may see as many repetitions of the same as it is good for you to witness. After a time you will notice that the light fatigues the eyes, so that by degrees they grow dim, and the ear becomes a little dull to the music, and possibly you may find yourself somewhat weary,—for many of the seats are very far from being well cushioned, and not a few find their bones aching after they have seen the white drop-curtain lifted and let down a certain number of times. There are no checks given you as you pass out, by which you can return to the place you have left. But we are told that there is another exhibition to follow, in which the scenery will be far lovelier, and the music infinitely sweeter, and to which will be asked many who have sat on the hard benches, and a few who have been in the gilded boxes at this preliminary show.

Dear reader, who hast followed me so graciously through this poor programme of the fleeting performance, I thank thee for thy courtesy, and let me venture to hope that we shall both be admitted to that better entertainment, and that thou and I may be seated not far from each other!

—*From "Pages from an Old Volume of Life."*

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I can not leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat;
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—
A dream of long ago,—
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee;
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea.
True is the dream's beginning,—
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened;—
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept, the village fathers,
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more:

I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try.
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more;—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash, as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,
But what is she whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers'!
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!"

.

He ceased, the grim old soldier-saint,
Then softly bent to cheer
The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;

And drew his toil-worn sleeve across
To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lips were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend,—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

A GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

The following key explains the symbols which are used in the vocabulary of Lights to Literature by Grades, Book VI., to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary:

ā - - as in **fāte.**
ă - - as in **ădd.**
ã - - as in **pref′ ãce.**
â - - as in **âir.**
å - - as in **gråss.**
ä - - as in **färˌ**
ạ - - as in **ạll.**

ē - - as in **ēve.**
ĕ - - as in **ĕnd.**
ẽ - - as in **ẽ-vent′.**
ẽ - - as in **hẽr.**

ī - - as in **īce.**
ĭ - - as in **pĭn.**
ĩ - - as in **ĩ-de′a.**

ō - - as in **rōw.**
ŏ - - as in **nŏt.**
ô - - as in **ō-bey′.**
ô - - as in **lôrd.**

ū - - - as in **ūse.**
ŭ - - - as in **ŭp.**
û - - - as in **û-nite′.**
û - - - as in **fûrl.**
ụ - - - as in **fụll.**
ụ - - - as in **rụde.**

ȳ - - - as in **flȳ.**
ў - - - as in **pit′ ў.**

o͞o - - - as in **mo͞on.**
o͝o - - - as in **go͝od.**
ou - - - as in **out.**
oi - - - as in **oil.**
n̲=ng - as in **in̲k.**
th - - - as in **this.**

N—represents the nasal sound of the preceding vowel; as in - - **ensemble** (äN′ säN′ b'l).

Silent letters are italicized. Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured, are also italicized.

A WORD LIST.

The following vocabulary includes the difficult words occurring in Lights to Literature by Grades, Book VI. The diacritical markings agree with the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

A

Aborigines (ăb′ ō rĭj′ ĭ nēz)
Abou Ben Adhem
(ä′ bo͞o bĕn ä′ dh*ĕ*m)
à ch*ē*ve′
Achilles (à kĭl′ lēz)
acquiring (ăk kwīr′ ĭng)
actually (ăk′ tû *a*l lў)
ăd′ ĕ quately (kwŏt lў)
Adirondacks (ăd ĭ rŏn′ dăks)
ăd jā′ cent (s*e*nt)
Æneas Sylvius
(ē nē′ *a*s sĭl′ vĭ ŭs)
Aerschot (ăr′ skŏt)
Agassiz (ăg′ ä sē)
ăg′ grà vā′ tĭng
Aix (āks)
alacrity (à lăk′ rĭ tў)
Albion (ăl′ bĭ ŭn)
Alcott (ạl′ k*o*t)
Alectryon (ä lĕk′ trў *o*n)
Allegash (ăl′ lẽ găsh)
ăl′ lẽ gô rў
à măl′ gà mā′ tion (shŭn)
à mēl′ ioration (yō rā′ shŭn)
ăm′ ĕ thystine (thĭs′ tĭn)
ā′ mĭ à b′l*e*
amphitheatre (ăm′ fĭ thē′ à tẽr)
anchorage (ăn̲′ kẽr ăj)
ăn̲′ glĭng
anguish (ăn̲g′ wĭsh)
ăn tăg′ ô nĭst
antiquity (ăn tĭk′ wĭ tў)
ăp prē′ ciable (shĭ à b'l)
architecture (är′ kĭ tĕk′ tûr)
Armageddon (är mà gĕd′ ŏn)
ăr′ rô g*a*n cy (sў)
askance (à skăns′)
ăs sạ*u*lt′
ăs′ sĭ dū′ ĭ tў
Athena (ä thē′ nà)
ạ*u*g mĕnt′ ĕd
Aurora Borealis
(ạ*u* rō′ rà bō′ rẽ ā′ lĭs)
Aurora Leigh (ạ*u* rō′ rà lē*igh*)
austerity (ạ*us* tĕr′ ĭ tў)
Austerlitz (ạ*us*′ tẽr lĭts)
authenticated
(ạ thĕn′ tĭ kā′ tĕd)
ạ*u*′ tô bĭ ŏg′ rà phy (fў)
ăv′ à ricious (rĭsh′ ŭs)
azure (ăzh′ ụr)

B

Babylonish (băb′ ĭ lō′ nĭsh)
baldric (bạl′ drĭk)
bär băr′ ic (ĭk)
bà rŏm′ ĕ tẽr
băt tăl′ ion (yŭn)
bĕl′ lŭm
bê nĕv′ ô l*e*nt
bĭ ŏg′ rà phy (fў)

bō′ gŭs
Bors (bôrz)
bō*u*rne
Brā*i*′ stĕd
brĕck
Brŏb′ dĭng năg
Buddhism (bo͝od′ dĭz′m)
bûr′ gesses (jĕs ĕz)
bûrg*h*′ ẽr
Byron (bī′ rən)

C

caballada (kä väl yä′ thä)
caballo (kä väl′ yō)
caitiff (kā′ tĭf)
cannibal (kăn′ nĭ b*a*l)
Cannobie (kăn′ nō bĭ)
capricious (kə prĭsh′ ŭs)
caracole (kăr′ ə kōl)
carbuncle (kär′ bŭn̲ k′l)
castanet (kăs′ tə nĕt)
cataract (kăt′ ə răkt)
catastrophe (kə tăs′ trō fē)
cavalcade (kăv′ *a*l kād′)
chagrin (shə grĭn′)
chanticleer (chăn′ tĭ klēr)
chăr′ ĭ ŏt
chivalrous (shĭv′ *a*l rŭs)
Christiern (krĭs′ tē ĕrn)
circuitous (sẽr kū′ ĭ tŭs)
circumstantial (sẽr′ kŭm stăn′ sh*a*l)
clan (klăn)
cloister (klois′ tẽr)
collared (kŏl′ lẽrd)
combatant (kŏm′ băt *a*nt)
compensate (kŏm′ pĕn sāt)
compliance (kŏm plī′ *a*ns)
concentrated (kŏn sĕn′ trāt ĕd)
conciliating (kŏn sĭl′ ĭ ā tĭng)
connubial (kŏn nū′ bĭ *a*l)
constellation (kŏn′ stĕl lā′ shŭn)
convivial (kŏn vĭv′ ĭ *a*l)
coracle (kŏr′ ə k′l)
corporeal (kŏr pō′ rē *a*l)
cor rŏb′ ō rā tĕd (kŏr)
covetousness (kŭv′ ĕt ŭs nĕs)
coyote (kī′ ō tē)
crouched (kroucht)
cruise (krn̲z)
curvetted (kûr′ vĕt ĕd)
Cuvier (ko͞o′ vē ā′)
cymbal (sĭm′ b*a*l)
cynical (sĭn′ ĭ k*a*l)
Cyrus (sī′ rŭs)

D

dăf′ fŏ dĭl
Dăl′ *h*ĕm
Dăn′ ūb*e*
dă*u*nt′ lĕss
dē lĭn′ ē āt ĕd
dē′ vĭ ā′ tĭng
Dirck (dẽrk)
dĭs creet′ (krēt′)
dĭs păr′ agement (ăj m*e*nt)
dĭs′ prō pōr′ tionate (shŭn ăt)
dĭs sĕm′ ĭ nā′ tion (shŭn)
Dŏn Fu̲l ā′ nō
drought (drout)
Düffeld (do͝of′ f*e*ld)

E

eccentric (ĕk sĕn′ trĭk)
eerie (ē′ rĭ)
efficient (ĕf fĭsh′ *e*nt)
***eĭ*′ dẽr-dŭck′**
electrify (ē lĕk′ trĭ fī)
ĕm′ ĭ n*e*nt

ĕm′ û lā′ tion (shŭn)
entree (ăn′ trā′)
epic (ĕp′ ĭk)
equipage (ĕk′ wĭ pāj)
ẽr′ mĭne
Eske (ĕske)
ẽ thē′ rẽ *a*l
Eugenius (ū jē′ nĭ ŭs)
excessive (ĕk sĕs′ ĭve)
exempt (ĕgz ĕmt′)
exhilarating (ĕgz ĭl′ a rā′ tĭng)
extinguished (ĕks tĭn′ gwĭsht)
extricate (ĕks′ trĭ kāt)

F

facilities (fa sĭl′ ĭ tĭz)
falcon (fạ′ k'n)
fạl sĕt′ tŏ
Fạ*u*n
Fiord (fyôrd)
fläunt′ ing
Frith of Cromarty (krŏm′ ăr tĭ)
frụ găl′ ĭ tỹ
fûr′ tĭve

G

găl′ liard (yĕrd)
găl′ lĭ găs′ kins (kĭnz)
Gautama Buddah (gạ′ ta ma bo͝od′ da)
genteel (jĕn tēl′)
geologist (jē ŏl′ ŏ jĭst)
Gĕr′ rĭ *a*n
G*h*ĕnt
glū′ tĭ no͝us
Gŏth′ ic (ĭk)
Græmes (grāmz)
grẽ gā′ rĭ o͝us
Grĭn′ *n*ĕll′

H

hả răng*ue′* ĭng
Hā′ ver *h*ĭll
Hạw′ thorne, Nả thăn′ ĭ ĕl
hĕ*a*th′ ĕr
Hector (hĕk′ tẽr)
Heī′ del bĕrg′
hẽ rĕd′ ĭ tā rỹ
Hĕr′ sc*h*ĕl
Hiawatha (hē a wä′ thä)
hĭ lā′ rĭ o͝us
hirsuit (hĕr sūt′)
Hĭs pản iola (yō′ lä)
Hosmer (hŏz′ m*e*r)
Hotel des Invalides (ō tĕl′ dā ăn vä lēd′)
Huber (ho͞o′ bẽr)
Huguenot (hū′ gẽ nŏt)
hŭsk′ ers (ẽrz)
hydrographic (hī′ drŏ grăf′ ĭk)
Hyperion (hĭ pē′ rĭ ŏn)

I

ĭg nō′ b'l*e*
Iliad (ĭl′ ĭ *a*d)
ĭm pē′ rĭ *a*l ĭst
ĭm pŏl′ ĭ tic (tĭk)
ĭm pū′ nĭ tỹ
incessantly (ĭn sĕs′ s*a*nt lỹ)
incomprehensible (ĭn kŏm′ prẽ hĕn′ sĭ b'l)
incredulity (ĭn′ krẽ dū′ lĭ tỹ)
inculcate (ĭn kŭl′ kāt)
indigenous (ĭn dĭj′ ẽ nŭs)
ĭn′ dĭs criminately (krĭm′ ĭ nāt lỹ)
Indostan (ĭn d*o* stän′)
ĭn ĕf′ fa blỹ
ingenuity (ĭn′ jẽ nū′ ĭ tỹ)
initiated (ĭn ĭsh′ ĭ ā′ tĕd)

ĭn sū′ pĕr ȧ b′l*e*
ĭn′ tĕr nē′ cine (sĭn)
ĭn ŭn′ dāt*e*
īr*e*
Islington (ĭz′ lĭng tən)

J

jocund (jŏk′ ŭnd)
Joris (yō′ rĭs)
Jovita (hō vē′ tă)
jū′ rĭst
jū′ vĕ nĭl*e*

K

Kä*a*ts′ bĕrg
Kalutunah (kȧl ū tū′ nä)
Kē*a*ts
Kipphäuser (kĭp′ hoi′ zĕr)
Kirby (kĕr′ bĭ)
kō′ yĕ nȧk

L

lăm′ ĕn tȧ blў
lăr′ ĭ ăt
lą*u*d′ ȧ b′l*e*
lą*u*′ rĕ ȧt*e*
legend (lĕj′ ĕnd)
Leyden (lī′ d*e*n)
Lĭl′ lĭ pŭt
Lĭl′ lĭ pū′ tian (shăn)
Lĭtch′ fī ēld
lĭt′ tō r*a*l
Lochinvar (lŏk′ ĭn vär′)
Lō kē′ r*e*n
Lōōz
lyre (līr)

M

Măd′ *a* găs′ car (k*a*r)
măl′ ăd jŭst′ m*e*nt
mȧ lĕv′ ō lence (l*e*ns)
malice (măl′ ĭs)
mȧ lĭg′ nĭ tў
măl′ lĕ ȧ b′l*e*
Malvoisin (mal′ vwȧ′ săN′)
Manitou (măn′ *e* tōō)
Mär′ mĭ ŏn
Mär′ tĭ neau (nō)
mą*u*d′ lĭn
maxim (măks′ ĭm)
Mecheln (mĕk′ ′ln)
mĕm′ oir (wŏr)
mĕt ȧ môr′ phosed (fōst)
militia (mĭ lĭsh′ ȧ)
Minie rifle (mĭn′ ĭ rī′ f′l)
Mĭn′ nĕ sĭng′ ĕr
mĭn′ strĕl
mĭz′ ze′n-mȧst
moccasin (mŏk′ kȧ sĭn)
Molucca (mō lŭk′ kȧ)
Mŏnt′ mō rĕn′ cy (sĭ)
Mōōr′ ĭsh
mō rōse′ lў
Muonio (mū ō′ nē ō)
Muonioniska
(mū ō′ nē ō nēs′ kȧ)
Myrmidon (mĕr′ mĭ dŏn)
mythology (mĭ thŏl′ ō jў)

N

Nȧ pō′ lē ŏn
när′ whal (hwȧl)
nē gō′ tiated (shĭ ā′ tĕd)
Nicholas (nĭk′ ō l*a*s)
Pĭs′ tôr ĭ ĕn′ sĭs)

O

obsequious (ŏb sē′ kwĭ ŭs)
ŏb′ stĭ nȧt*e*
ŏb′ vĭ ā′ tĭng

Ō lā′ŭs Măg′nŭs
Ō′rĭ *e*nt
Otsego (ŏt sē′ gō)

P

p*ae*′ *a*n
pageant (păj′ *e*nt)
păn′ dē mō′ nĭ ŭm
Păr′ å celsus (sĕl′ sŭs)
på rĭsh′ ioner (ŭn ẽr)
pā′ trĭ arch (ärk)
păt′ rĭ mō′ nĭ *a*l
pā′ trĭ ŏt ism (ĭz′m)
Pā trō′ clus (klŭs)
Pĕ*c*k′ sū ŏt
Peerybingle (pẽr′ ĭ bĭn′ g′l)
pĕn′ non (nŭn)
pĕr′ ĭ *l*oŭs
pẽr′ tĭ nacity (năs′ ĭ tў)
pĕs′ tĭ *l*ent
Phelps (fĕlps)
phlegm (flĕm)
physics (fĭz′ ĭks)
pique (pēk)
placid (plăs′ ĭd)
poesk (pō′ ĕsk)
pŏn tĭf′ ĭ cate (kåt)
pŏs′ tẽrn
pŏst′ hŭ *m*oŭs
prē cedence (sēd′ *e*ns)
precinct (prē′ sĭŋkt)
precipitation
(prē sĭp′ ĭ tā′ shŭn)
prē cocity (kŏs′ ĭ tў)
prē ĕm′ ĭ *n*ent
prĕv′ å lence (l*e*ns)
prē′ vĭ *o*ŭs
prō lĭf′ ic (ĭk)
pro phetic (fĕt′ ĭk)
prō pitiate (pĭsh′ ĭ āt)
prŏv′ ost (ŭst)
pulk (pụlk)
pŭs′ le*y*

R

Rå mō′ nå
răn chero (chā′ rō)
rå pā′ cious (shŭs)
Răt′ isbon (ĭz b*o*n)
Reade (rēd)
rē *a*l ĭs′ tic (tĭk)
reciprocate (rē sĭp′ rō kāt)
Rĕg′ ŭ lŭs
reign (rān)
rē vẽr′ bẽr ā′ tion (shŭn)
rē vēre′
rheumatism (ru′ må tĭz′m)
R*h*ō′ dĭ ăn
Rokeby (rōk′ bĭ)
Roos (rōs)
Rossetti, Christina
(rŏs sĕt′ tē, krĭs tē′ nå)
Rŏt*h*′ bärt, der (dâr)
rū′ bĭ cund (kŭnd)
Rylstone (rĭl′ st*o*n)

S

sapphire (săf′ ĭr)
Săr å tō′ gå
Saxe (săks)
scarce (skârs)
scour (skour)
scrupulous (skrụ′ pŭ lŭs)
scutcheon (skŭch′ ŭn)
scythe (sĭth)
seduction (sẽ dŭk′ shŭn)
Senor Greaser
(så nyŏr′ grēz′ ẽr)
Sĭ lū′ rĭ an*s* (*a*nz)
sĭr′ rå*h*
slŭg′ gard (gẽrd)

souse
spasm (spăz'm)
spectral (spĕk' tr*a*l)
stirrup (stĕr' rŭp)
Stuyvesant (stī' vẽ s*a*nt)
subtle (sŭt' 'l)
succory (sŭk' kŏ rў)
sū' pĕr ficial (fĭsh' al)
sū' pĕr flū' ĭ tў
Surat (sōō rät')
sŭs' tẽ nance (n*a*ns)
Swein

T

tăm' bour (bōōr)
tangible (tăn' jĭ b'l)
tẽr' mą g*a*nt
tẽrse
tĕth' ĕr ĭng
Thăn' ą tŏp' sĭs
thē' ŏ logical (lŏj' ĭ k*a*l)
Thoreau (thŏ' rō)
throes (thrōz)
Tongrez (tŏNgr)
trăns pâr' ent
trōl*l*ed
trophies (trō' fĭz)

U

ukalek (ů' ką lĕk)
ŭn' ăl loyed (loid')

V

vaquero (vä kä' rō)
vē' hẽ ment lў
velocipede (vẽ lŏs' ĭ pēd)
veracity (vẽ răs' ĭ tў)
vẽr mĭl' ion (yŭn)
vĭ rā' gō
viscid (vĭs' sĭd)
Vogel (fō' g'l)
Von Bŭck (fŏn)
Von der Vogelweid (fŏn dâr fō' g'l vīt')

W

Wartburg (värt' bōōrg)
Wĭt' ū wä' mĕt
Wurtzburg (vōōrts' bōōrg)

Y

ye*o*' m*a*n rў

LIGHTS TO LITERATURE

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